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THE BELFRY PIGEON.

ON the cross beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there—
Out and in with the morning air;
I've passed him oft, and I know his peck
By the play of gold in his mottled neck;
And I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.

'Tis a bird I love, with his brooding note,
And the pulsing throb in his trembling throat;
There's a human look in his swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of his lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon—
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon—
When the clock strikes clear at morning light—
When the child is waked with "nine at night"—
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,

Or rising half in his rounded nest,
 He takes the time to smooth his breast,
 Then drops again with filmed eyes,
 And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
 A hermit in the crowd like thee!
 With wings to fly to wood and glen,
 Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
 And daily, with unwilling feet,
 I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
 But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
 Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
 Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
 Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
 And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold
 I could my weary heart unfold;
 I would I could look down unmoved,
 (Unloving as I am unloved,)
 And while the world throngs on beneath,
 Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
 And never sad with others' sadness,
 And never glad with others' gladness,
 Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
 And, lapt in quiet, bide my time.

GEMS FROM THE ANNUALS.

IN looking over the English Annuals lately, we have been struck with the beauty of the poetry written by three writers of whom we have scarcely before heard—William and Mary Howitt, and the "Author of Lillian." The two first we believe are Quakers; the last is Mr. Praed, with whose poem, "Lillian," we have never met. Believing that we cannot do better than to make our Magazine a repository of such jewels as occasionally go by upon these yearly flotillas of trash, we copy below the three or four pieces by these writers which arrested our attention in the pages of this year's "Gem." Mr. Praed seems to have a struggle in his genius between the humorous and the romantic, which results in the weaving of rather a grotesque thread, but one we do not at all object to. "The Legend of the Teufel-haus" has both beauty and wit:—

THE way was lone, and the hour was late,
And Sir Rudolph was far from his castle gate.
The night came down, by slow degrees,
On the river stream and the forest trees ;
And by the heat of the heavy air,
And by the lightnings distant glare,
And by the rustling of the woods,
And by the roaring of the floods,
In half an hour, a man might say,
The Spirit of Storm would ride that way.
But little he cared, that stripling pale,
For the sinking sun or the rising gale ;
For he, as he rode, was dreaming now,
Poor youth, of a woman's broken vow,
Of the cup dashed down, ere the wine was tasted,
Of eloquent speeches sadly wasted,
Of a gallant heart all burnt to ashes,
And the Baron of Katzberg's long moustaches.
So the earth below and the heaven above,
He saw them not ;—those dreams of love,
As some have found, and some will find,
Make men extremely deaf and blind.
At last he opened his great blue eyes,
And, looking about in vast surprise,
Found that his hunter had turned his back
An hour ago on the beaten track,
And now was threading a forest hoar,
Where steed had never stepped before.

“By Cæsar's head,” Sir Rudolph said,
“It were a sorry joke,
If I to-night should make my bed
On the turf beneath an oak !
Poor Roland reeks from head to hoof ;—
Now, for thy sake, good roan,
I would we were beneath a roof,
Were it the foul fiend's own !”

Ere the tongue could rest, ere the lips could close,
The sound of a listener's laughter rose.
It was not the scream of a merry boy
When harlequin waves his wand of joy ;
Nor the shout from a serious curate, won
By a bending bishop's annual pun ;
Nor the roar of a Yorkshire clown ;—oh, no !
It was a gentle laugh, and low,
Half uttered, perhaps, and stifled half,
A good old-gentlemanly laugh ;
Such as my uncle Peter's are,
When he tells you his tales of Dr. Parr.
The rider looked to the left and the right,
With something of marvel, and more of fright ;
But brighter gleamed his anxious eye,
When a light shone out from a hill hard by.
Thither he spurred, as gay and glad

As Mrs. Macquill's delightful lad,
 When he turns away from the Pleas of the Crown,
 Or flings, with a yawn, old Saunders down,
 And flies, at last, from all the mysteries
 Of Plaintiffs' and Defendants' histories,
 To make himself sublimely neat,
 For Mrs. Camac's, in Mansfield Street.

At a lofty gate Sir Rudolph halted ;
 Down from his seat Sir Rudolph vaulted ;
 And he blew a blast, with might and main,
 On the bugle that hung by an iron chain.
 The sound called up a score of sounds ;—
 The screeching of owls, and the baying of hounds,
 The hollow toll of the turret bell,
 The call of the watchful sentinel,
 And a groan at last, like a peal of thunder,
 As the huge old portals rolled asunder,
 And gravely from the castle hall
 Paced forth the white-robed seneschal.
 He staid not to ask of what degree
 So fair and famished a knight might be ;
 But knowing that all untimely question
 Ruffles the temper, and mars the digestion,
 He laid his hand upon the crupper,
 And said—" You're just in time for supper ! "

They led him to the smoking board,
 And placed him next to the castle's lord.
 He looked around with a hurried glance—
 You may ride from the border to fair Penzance,
 And nowhere, but at Epsom Races,
 Find such a group of ruffian faces
 As thronged that chamber : some were talking
 Of feats of hunting and of hawking,
 And some were drunk, and some were dreaming,
 And some found pleasure in blaspheming.
 He thought, as he gazed on the fearful crew,
 That the lamps that burned on the walls burned blue.
 They brought him a pasty of mighty size,
 To cheer his heart and to charm his eyes ;
 They brought the wine, so rich and old,
 And filled to the brim the cup of gold ;
 The knight looked down, and the knight looked up,
 But he carved not the meat, and he drained not the cup.

" Ho ho," said his host with angry brow,
 " I wot our guest is fine ;
 Our fare is far too coarse, I trow,
 For such nice taste as thine ;
 Yet trust me I have cooked the food,
 And I have filled the can,
 Since I have lived in this old wood,
 For many a nobler man."—
 " The savory buck and the ancient cask

To a weary man are sweet ;
But ere he taste, it is fit he ask
For a blessing on bowl and meat.
Let me but pray for a minute's space,
And bid me pledge ye then ;
I swear to ye, by our Lady's grace,
I shall eat and drink like ten !”

The lord of the castle in wrath arose,
He frowned like a fiery dragon ;
Indignantly he blew his nose,
And overturned the flagon.
And, “ Away,” quoth he, “ with the canting priest,
Who comes uncalled to a midnight feast,
And breathes through a helmet his holy benison,
To sour my hock and spoil my venison !”

That moment all the lights went out ;
And they dragged him forth, that rabble rout,
With oath, and threat, and foul scurrillity,
And every sort of incivility.
They barred the gates ; and the peal of laughter,
Sudden and shrill, that followed after,
Died off into a dismal tone,
Like a parting spirit's painful moan.
“ I wish,” said Rudolph, as he stood
On foot in the deep and silent wood ;
“ I wish, good Roland, rack and stable
May be kinder to-night than their master's table !”

By this the storm had fled by ;
And the moon with a quiet smile looked out
From the glowing arch of a cloudless sky,
Flinging her silvery beams about
On rock, tree, wave, and gladdening all
With just as miscellaneous bounty
As Isabel's, whose sweet smiles fall
In half an hour on half the county.
Less wild Sir Rudolph's pathway seemed,
As he turned from that discourteous tower ;
Small spots of verdure gaily gleamed
On either side ; and many a flower,
Lily, and violet, and heart's-ease,
Grew by the way, a fragrant border ;
And the tangled boughs of the hoary trees
Were twined in picturesque disorder ;
And there came from the grove, and there came from the hill,
The loveliest sounds he had ever heard,
The cheerful voice of the dancing rill,
And the sad, sad song of the lonely bird.
And at last he stared with wondering eyes,
As well he might, on the huge pavilion ;
’Twas clothed with stuffs of a hundred dyes,
Blue, purple, orange, pink, vermilion ;
And there were quaint devices traced

All round in the Saracenic manner ;
 And the top, which gleamed like gold, was graced
 With the drooping folds of a silken banner ;
 And on the poles, in silent pride,
 There sate small doves of white enamel ;
 And the veil from the entrance was drawn aside,
 And flung on the humps of a silver camel.
 In short, it was the sweetest thing
 For a weary youth in a wood to light on ;
 And finer far than what a king
 Built up, to prove his taste, at Brighton.

The gilded gate was all unbarred ;
 And close beside it, for a guard,
 There lay two dwarfs with monstrous noses,
 Both fast asleep upon some roses.
 Sir Rudolph entered ; rich and bright
 Was all that met his ravished sight ;
 Soft tapestries from far countries brought,
 Rare cabinets with gems inwrought,
 White vases of the finest mould,
 And mirrors set in burnished gold.
 Upon a couch a greyhound slumbered ;
 And a small table was encumbered
 With paintings, and an ivory lute,
 And sweetmeats, and delicious fruit.
 Sir Rudolph lost no time in praising ;
 For he, I should have said, was gazing
 In attitude extremely tragic,
 Upon a sight of stranger magic ;
 A sight, which, seen at such a season,
 Might well astonish Mistress Reason,
 And scare Dame Wisdom from her fences
 Of rules and maxims, moods and tenses.

Beneath a crimson canopy
 A lady, passing fair, was lying ;
 Deep sleep was on her gentle eye,
 And in her slumber she was sighing
 Bewitching sighs, such sighs as say
 Beneath the moonlight to a lover,
 Things, which the coward tongue by day
 Would not for all the world discover :
 She lay like a shape of sculptured stone,
 So pale, so tranquil ;—she had thrown,
 For the warm evening's sultriness,
 The brodered coverlet aside ;
 And nothing was there to deck or hide
 The glory of her loveliness,
 But a scarf of gauze, so light and thin
 You might see beneath the dazzling skin,
 And watch the purple streamlets go
 Through the valleys of white and stainless snow,
 Or here and there a wayward tress,
 Which wandered out with vast assurance

From the pearls that kept the rest in durance,
And fluttered about, as if 'twould try
To lure a zephyr from the sky.
"Bertha!"—large drops of anguish came
On Rudolph's brow, as he breathed the name—
"Oh fair and false one, wake and fear;
I, the betrayed, the scorned, am here."
'The eye moved not from its dull eclipse,
The voice came not from the fast-shut lips;
No matter! well that gazer knew
The tone of bliss, and the eyes of blue.

Sir Rudolph hid his burning face
With both his hands for a minute's space,
And all his frame in awful fashion
Was shaken by some sudden passion.
What guilty fancies o'er him ran?—
Oh, Pity will be slow to guess them;
And never, save to the holy man,
Did good Sir Rudolph e'er confess them.
But soon his spirit you might deem
Came forth from the shade of the fearful dream;
His cheek, though pale, was calm again,
And he spoke in peace, though he spoke in pain.

"Not mine, not mine!—now Mary mother
Aid me the sinful hope to smother!
Not mine, not mine!—I have loved thee long;
Thou hast quitted me with grief and wrong.
But pure the heart of a knight should be—
Sleep on, sleep on, thou art safe for me.
Yet shalt thou know, by a certain sign,
Whose lips have been so near to thine,
Whose eyes have looked upon thy sleep,
And turned away, and longed to weep,
Whose heart,—mourn,—madden as it will,—
Has spared thee, and adored thee still!"

His purple mantle, rich and wide,
From his neck the trembling youth untied,
And flung it o'er those dangerous charms,
The swelling neck and the rounded arms.
Once more he looked, once more he sighed;
And away, away, from the perilous tent,
Swift as the rush of an eagle's wing,
Or the flight of a shaft from Tartar string,
Into the wood Sir Rudolph went;
Not with more joy the school-boys run
To the gay green fields when their task is done;
Not with more haste the Members fly,
When Hume has caught the Speaker's eye.

At last the daylight came; and then
A score or two of serving men,

Supposing that some sad disaster
 Had happened to their lord and master,
 Went out into the wood and found him
 Unhorsed, and with no mantle round him.
 Ere he could tell his tale romantic,
 The leech pronounced him clearly frantic,
 So ordered him at once to bed,
 And clapped a blister on his head.

Within the sound of the castle clock
 There stands a huge and rugged rock,
 And I have heard the peasants say,
 That the grieving groom at noon that day
 Found gallant Roland, cold and stiff,
 At the base of the black and beetling cliff.

Beside the rock there is an oak,
 Tall, blasted by the thunder-stroke,
 And I have heard the peasants say,
 That there Sir Rudolph's mantle lay,
 And coiled in many a deadly wreath
 A venomous serpent slept beneath.

“Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor” is a spirited thing by the same author :—

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ; the clarion's note is high ;
 To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ; the huge drum makes reply :
 Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant cavaliers,
 And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our ears :
 To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas ; white Guy is at the door ;
 And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Uprose the lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer ;
 And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret-stair :
 Oh, many were the tears those radiant eyes had shed,
 As she worked the bright word “Glory” in the gay and glancing thread ;
 And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous features ran,
 As she said—“It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van.”

“It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride ;
 Through the steel-clad files of Skippon, and the black dragoons of Pride ;
 The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
 And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
 When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt bravely on their wing,
 And hear her loyal soldier's shout for God and for the king !”

’Tis noon ; the ranks are broken along the royal line ;
 They fly, the braggards of the court, the bullies of the Rhine :
 Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down ;
 And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown :
 And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,
 “The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night.”

The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain ;
But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout,
"For church and king, fair gentlemen, spur on, and fight it out !"
And now he wards a roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave ;
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a knave.

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! thou hast no thought of fear ;
Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! but fearful odds are here.
The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial, down with him to the dust !"
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the saints and for the Lord !"

The lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower ;
The gray-haired warden watches on the castle's highest tower.
"What news, what news, old Anthony ?"—"The field is lost and won ;
The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the sun ;
And a wounded man speeds hither,—I am old and cannot see,
Or sure I am that sturdy step my master's step should be."

"I bring thee back the standard from as rude and red a fray
As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme for minstrel's lay ;
Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor quantum suff. ;
I'll make a shift to drain it, ere I part with boot and buff ;
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing out his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife.

"Sweet, we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's mischance :
Or, if the worst betide me, why better axe or rope,
Than life with Lenthal for a King, and Peters for a Pope !—
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy!—out on the crop-eared boor,
That sent me with my standard on foot from Marston Moor."

The following illustration of a delightful picture, is a successful imitation of Moore by the same author :—

One day, through Fancy's telescope,
Which is my richest treasure,
I saw, dear Susan, Love and Hope
Set out in search of pleasure :
All mirth and smiles I saw them go ;
Each was the other's banker ;
For Hope took up her brother's bow,
And Love, his sister's anchor.

They rambled on o'er vale and hill,
They passed by cot and tower ;
Through summer's glow and winter's chill,
Through sunshine and through shower :
But what did those fond playmates care
For climate, or for weather ?
All scenes to them were bright and fair,
On which they gazed together.

Sometimes they turned aside to bless
Some Muse and her wild numbers,
Or breathe a dream of holiness
On Beauty's quiet slumbers ;
"Fly on," said Wisdom with cold sneers ;
"I teach my friends to doubt you ;"
"Come back," said Age with bitter tears,
"My heart is cold without you."

When Poverty beset their path,
And threatened to divide them,
They coaxed away the beldame's wrath,
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitters, honey,
And showing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money.

They met stern Danger in the way,
Upon a ruin seated ;
Before him kings had quaked that day,
And armies had retreated :
But he was robed in such a cloud,
As Love and Hope came near him,
That though he thundered long and loud,
They did not see or hear him.

A grey-beard joined them, Time by name ;
And Love was nearly crazy,
To find that he was very lame,
And also very lazy :
Hope, as he listened to her tale,
Tied wings upon his jacket :
And then they far outran the mail,
And far outsailed the packet.

And so when they had safely passed
O'er many a land and billow,
Before a grave they stopped at last,
Beneath a weeping willow :
The moon upon the humble mound
Her softest light was flinging ;
And from the thickets all around
Sad nightingales were singing.

"I leave you here," quoth father Time,
As hoarse as any raven ;
And Love kneeled down to spell the rhyme
Upon the rude stone graven ;
But Hope looked onward, calmly brave,
And whispered, "Dearest brother,
We're parted on this side the grave—
We'll meet upon the other."

The Howitts are not distinguishable by their poetry. They choose the same class of subjects, and write with the same simplicity and beauty, and turn out the same refined moral at the close. They seem to be the apotheoses of Quakerism—possessing the true essence of all its tenets—quietness, and purity, and human love. We know not who writes fugitive poetry better than they; and certainly, cutting out theirs and Mr. Praed's, the poetry in this year's English Annuals is not worth the paper it covers. The following, "King Carlan," is by William Howitt:—

King Carlan rode with hound and spear
Unto his forests free;
With baron brave and abbot grave,
And half his chivalrie.

The people watched with eager eyes,
The royal boy's array;
With snow-white steed and dancing plume
He bravely led the way.

With pride his mother kissed him
Beside the castle door;
With tears she saw him go, for they
Were bound to hunt the boar.

Back came the gallant boy at eve,
Back, in a radiant glow—
"Where is my mother," loud he cried,
"Our forest sport to know?"

"Mother! where lingerest thou, who wot
My coming long to wait?"
She looked not from her window down;
She came not to the gate.

But there an old man trembling stood,
With gray and palsied head;
His eyes were wild, his tears fell fast,
But never a word he said.

"Now, Johan, wherefore look'st thou thus?
Now, wherefore stand'st thou so?"
Then spake the old man, suddenly—
"'Tis wo!—'tis utter wo!"

"Oh! scarcely thou and all thy train
Had from the castle past,
When in the sea-king's rugged troop
Swept like a wintry blast.

"Like eagles swooped they on the queen,
Like rapid kites they fled;"—

Down dropped King Carlan from his steed—
Dropped down as he were dead.

And to and fro, with sighs and moans,
He paced throughout the night;
And he had left his castle far
Before the morning light.

With armed bands, with glittering train,
In royal, rich array?—
No, silently he glided forth
In garb of peasant-gray.

“Dear mother!” still he wandering cried,
“Where may’st thou sorrowing be?
I’ll trace the wide world round about
To find and set thee free.”

All day, through forests old and dim,
He sadly travelled on,
Where the wild creatures had their homes,
But human home was none.

And, as the sun’s last yellow beams
All soft and slantly fell,
He sate him down, with weary heart,
Beside a forest well.

It was a lovely place; the sand,
Like silver dancing bright,
Sent gushing floods of water forth
Into the happy light.

Cushions of green and crimson moss
Clothed every sloping side;
The jagged ferns stooped down to drink
Of the ever-living tide:
There stood the birch with odorous locks,
The oak with arms of pride.

’Twas a lovely place; but he saw it not—
His soul was sad of cheer:
He sate, and wrung his hands, and cried,
“O Holy Mother, hear!”

“I hear thee!” said a lady fair,
Who came at once unheard;
And gazed into his soul with eyes
Where all the mother stirred.

“I hear thee, child—and I will help;
Thine is a blessed deed;
Take thou this ermine-lined cloak;
This rod, too, for thy need;
For far into the dismal north
Thy doomed path doth lead.

“And go as thou to heaven would'st go—
Turn not to left or right;
Seek not to abbey nor to tower
For succor, day or night.

“But with the lowly and the poor
Thy board and bedding be;
And in all danger or distress
Call upon Heaven and me.”

He went, as he to heaven would go—
He turned not once aside;
The baron and his hunter-train
Shot past him in their pride;
And the friar gray went on his way,
Nor the little pilgrim eyed.

But wheresoe'er the peasant's axe
Sounded through woodlands dim,
There was a welcome, there a meal,
With a blessing, spread for him.

And wheresoe'er a peasant's roof
Sent up a quiet smoke,
He entered with the night-fall in,
And the dame a welcome spoke;
And the little children came around
And felt his ermine cloak.

And the mother brought him out her best,
As he her son had been,
Or a little nephew come from far,
Who there was seldom seen.

And when his simple tale was told,
His wanderings and his pain,
Christ! how she clasped him to her heart!
How her gushing tears did rain!

She washed his feet, she made his bed,
She watched him as he slept;
And, when he rose again to go,
She kissed him and she wept.

She made him eat, she made him drink,
And, when he went away,
With anxious eyes she followed him
Far o'er the moorlands gray;
And blessings sent, like messengers,
After him through the day.

And thus King Carlan travelled on
Unto the northern shore;
And there he saw a gallant ship
Ready to bear him o'er.

He stepped into the rocking boat,
He trode the tall deck free ;
"What noble child," the captain said,
"Is this ye bring to me ?"
And he drew him gently by the hand,
And spoke right lovingly.

"Now wilt thou be my boy ?
Wilt sail with me the brine ?
No child I have, no child would ask,
So thou wert only mine."

"It may not be," King Carlan said,
"I travel to the north ;
And see, we almost touch the land :
I pray thee put me forth."

They put him forth, and on he went ;
It was a dreary track ;
A level, treeless, mighty waste,
With many a yawning crack ;
And here and there a heavy crag,
That raised its sullen back.

For grass, a spongy liverwort
Spread o'er the sterile ground ;
And toadstools, slimy, broad and brown,
Stood everywhere around.

He sate to rest upon a stone,
When up there came a crowd
Of little, ancient-looking men,
With voices shrill and loud.

Their whole array was russet-gray,
Their hats broad as the moon ;
And merrily they leapt and danced,
All in their heavy shoon.

And with their quick, black, little eyes
They wickedly did leer :
"Welcome !" said they, "to Fairy-land !
'Tis glorious living here !

"Come, follow us, the doors stand wide,
Down, down to the scenes below ;
The Fairy-queen may there be seen :
Our wonders thou shalt know."

But never a word he answered them,—
Scorn from his eyelids broke ;
They laughed—they leapt—they laughed again—
And to each other spoke.

"Aha! he would his mother find!
To the north the king is going!
And anon he will come to the Felsengeist,
'Tis a creature worth the knowing!"

"Aha!" said one, "I know a cave!"
Said another, "I know a thing!
And he that 'scapes the Felsengeist,
Must have an eagle's wing."

On went the king, without a word
The fiendish elves to greet;
But he heard the serpents hiss, and felt
Them glide around his feet.

And now he clomb the icy ridge;
And now he trod the snow;
And now he reached the precipice—
The world was far below.

Far, far below the world appeared,
Through shrouding vapor dim;
And he felt, if his foot its surety missed,
There was instant death for him.

But down he went, down the descent,
All glittering, smooth and cold,
As if water green had frozen been
With inward sparks of gold.

'Twas a perilous way; but his journey lay
Onward, and only there:
The brain did swim at a depth so dim;
To look up was despair.

And now he came where down the rocks
Loud clattering waters fell;
And slimy, slippery was his path,
And the whizzing wind blew snell:
And lo! beside him gaped a cave;
He marked its blackness well.

He entered—what two fiery eyes
Glared through the darkness drear!
Still stood he till the cavern gloom
Grew to a twilight clear;
And a visage from its depth looked out,
That an iron heart might fear.

The features of a giant-man;
A forehead stern and wide;
Huge, grizzled brows, that hung a gloom
O'er eyes of scowling pride.

Locks, like a shaggy lion's, hung
Round lean and cruel jaws;

A hoary beard that swept the floor,
And a pair of armed paws.

"And who art thou that here canst make
Thy dwelling?" said the king.
The monster gave a sudden glare,
And growled, "I am a thing!"

"Thou'rt old, thou'rt very, very old;
I pray thee, canst thou see?"

"I see the ship in the Maalstrom,
And the men in misery;
And I look into the gulf, besure,
For they are all for me."

"Thou'rt old, thou'rt very, very old;
I pray thee, canst thou hear?"

"I hear the clack of the rein-deer's feet,
In the northern snow-tracks drear:
The stinging smack of the urging thong,
And the driver's voice I hear."

"Thou'rt old, thou'rt very, very old;
Can feeling yet be thine?"

"I feel the tread of the traveller
That, 'neath the mountain pine,
Wanders at midnight erringly;
If he perish, he is mine."

"Thou'rt old, thou'rt very, very old;
And canst thou move abroad?"
With a sudden spring it reached the king;
But he smote it with his rod:
For the Felsengeist, he knew it then,
A creature curst of God.

Small as a hound upon the ground
That cruellest monster lay:

"Up! Up! for I must carry thee!
Up! Up! I must away!"

He leapt upon its back—away!
The cave, the crag was gone:
Through mist and cloud, through wind and hail,
They hurried, hurried on.

It grew! it spread! a phantom vast!
Its shaggy mane streamed wide;
Swifter than arrow, bird, or blast,
Through air did Carlan ride.

Through gaps of cloud he saw the peaks
Of the sharp mountains glow,
Shooting up vast and silently,
Like giants, from below.

Back went the wastes of ancient ice,
Back went the forests hoar,
Up through the shroud of mist and rack
Came the mighty ocean's roar,

In moments few the monster flew
To the sea-king's northern den ;
And Carlan and his mother dear
Met and embraced again,

By the strongest, cruellest, fleetest thing
Did the Holy Maid decree,
That Carlan should his mother reach ;
By it should set her free.

And back through many a weary land
Together did they tread ;
With human patience, human pains,
By human kindness fed.

And this the royal boy did learn—
Rich boon to regal pride—
How small a thing is even a king,
In a world so vast and wide :
But with pity and poverty
Doth a precious power abide.

Nothing could be prettier of its kind, than the " Voyage
with the Nautilus," by Mary Howitt :—

I made myself a little boat,
As trim as trim could be,
A little boat out of a great pearl shell,
That was found in the Indian sea.

I made my masts of wild sea-rush
That grew on a secret shore ;
And the scarlet plume of the halcyon bird
Was the pleasant flag I bore.

I took for my sails the butterfly's wings,
For my ropes the spider's line ;
And that mariner old, the Nautilus,
To steer me over the brine.

For he'd crossed the seas six thousand years,
And knew each isle and bay ;
And I thought that we, in my little boat,
Could merrily steer away.

The stores I took were plentiful ;
The dew, as it sweetly fell ;
And the honey-combs that were hoarded up
In the wild bee's summer cell.

"Now steer away, thou helmsman good,
Over the waters free ;
To the charmed isle of the seven kings,
That lies in the midmost sea !"

He spread the sail, he took the helm ;
And long ere ever I wist,
We had sailed a league, we had reached the isle
That lay in the golden mist.

The charmed isle of the seven kings,
'Tis a place of wondrous spell !
But all that happed unto me there
In a printed book I'll tell.

"Now," said I one day to the Nautilus,
As we stood on the strand,
"Unmoor my ship, thou helmsman good,
And steer me back to land.

"For my mother I know is sick at heart,
And longs my face to see ;
What ails thee now, thou Nautilus,
Art slow to sail with me ?
Up—do my will—the wind is fresh,
So set the vessel free !"

He turned the helm, and away we sailed,
Away towards the setting sun :
The flying-fish were swift on the wing,
But we outsped each one.

And on we went for seven days,
Seven days without a night ;
And we followed the sun still on and on,
In the glow of his setting light.

Down and down went the setting sun,
And down and down went we ;
'Twas a glorious sail for seven days
On a smooth, descending sea.

"Good friend," said I to the Nautilus,
"Can this the right course be ?
And shall we come again to land ?"
But answer none made he.

So on we went ; but soon I heard
A sound, as when winds blow,
And waters wild are tumbled down
Into a gulf below.

And on and on flew the little bark,
As a fiend her course did urge ;

And I saw, in a moment, we must hang
Upon the ocean's verge.

I snatched down the sails, I snapped the ropes,
I broke the masts in twain ;
But on flew the bark, and against the rocks
Like a living thing did strain.

"Thou hast steered us wrong, thou helmsman vile!"
Said I to the Nautilus bold ;
"We shall shoot down the gulf! we're dead men both!"
Dost know what a course we hold?"

And I seized the helm with a sudden jerk,
And we wheeled round like a bird ;
But I saw the gulf of eternity,
And the tideless waves I heard.

"Good master," said the Nautilus,
"I thought you might desire
To have some wondrous thing to tell
Beside your mother's fire.

"What's sailing on a summer sea?
As well sail on a pool!
Oh, but I know a thousand things
That are wild and beautiful!

"And if you please to see them now,
You've but to say the word—"
"Have done!" said I to the Nautilus,
"Or I'll throw thee overboard.

"Have done!" said I, "thou mariner old,
And steer me back to land ;"
No other word spake the Nautilus,
But took the helm in hand.

I looked up to the lady moon,
She was but like a glow-worm's spark :
And never a star shone down to us,
Through the sky, so high and dark.

And we had no mast, we had no ropes,
And every sail was rent ;
And the stores I brought from the charmed isle,
In the seven days' sail were spent.

But the Nautilus was a patient thing,
And he steered with all his might
On that up-hill sea, and he never slept,
And he kept the course aright.

And for thrice seven nights we sailed and sailed :
 At length I saw the bay
 Where I built my bark, and my mother's house,
 'Mong the green hills where it lay.

"Farewell!" said I to the Nautilus,
 As I leapt to the shore ;
 "Thou art a skilful mariner,
 But I'll sail with thee no more!"

MIANTUNNOMOH.

Hath not an (Indian) eyes? hath not an (Indian) hands, organs, dimensions, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as a (white man) is?

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame ;
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream,
 All careless rambling where it liked him best ;
 His wealth the wild deer bounding through the glade ;
 He lodged at large and lived at nature's cost,
 Save spear and bow withouten other aid.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

AMONG the lovely scenes which, in the new world, first opened on the eyes of Englishmen two hundred years ago, not the least enchanting was Narragansett Bay. This beautiful sheet of water extends more than thirty miles into the interior of New England. Its waves break on the shores of fifteen islands. On these, and on the main land in the vicinity of the bay, by ploughing and opening the ground, are now often disinterred the mouldering bones of former unknown generations, earthen vessels, and stone heads of arrows. The posture of these ancient dead, who are seated, instead of lying in the lap of earth, intimating they are not of our race, startles the observer. The places of former habitations, discoverable by shells strewed on the surface of the earth or imbedded below, and marks of fire, bring our predecessors before us in "life and limb." These vestiges of the past, with the few historical notices we derive from their conquerors, are the sole memorials of the powerful and numerous tribe of the Narragansetts, who, when the vessels of Europe first entered the bay, settling deep into the waters before only skimmed by the light canoe, inhabited its islands and the level country ex-

tending many miles along its western shores, in number from twelve to sixteen thousand. Crowds of white men now fill their places ; a village is now fed by the grounds that once supplied food but to a single Indian hut. Comparing the present with the past, reason acknowledges a beneficial change ; yet the means by which the plough and hoe triumphed over the bow and arrow, penetrate the merciful, even the just man, with sorrow. They darkly cloud our fame. Alas ! that this fair possession should, like the vineyard of Naboth, be crimsoned with the blood of the former owner. We mourn the fate of the Indian hunters, who lie all around us in their premature obscure graves—

“ a race—

Now like autumnal leaves before the blast
Wide scattered—or, like snow-flakes saturate
With blood by ruthless archer shed, dissolved
Away.”

We should shrink from the extirpation of the herds of elephants that range the African wilds, but the ruin of our Indian predecessors, made in the image of God, with their good heads to contrive, generous souls, strong arms, and enduring frames, who united with the reason of man, senses trained to the acuteness which distinguishes by nature those of inferior animals, endowed with the ear of the elephant, and the eye of the eagle—how does this affect the heart, when fancy turns from the barnyard and the orchard, the shining ploughshare and the exotic harvest, to the ruined wigwam and the slaughtered Indian !

The English strangers appeared to the natives in various lights ; to some, as men springing from the sea, seeking a residence on land. In their songs they called them, alluding to their color and supposed origin, “ the white foam of the ocean.” Certain tribes, regarding with admiration the novel canoes, bearing men of a strange color, dress, customs and language, with glittering metals they had never before seen, strange animals, and thundering artillery, exclaimed—“ Behold the gods are come to visit us !” One conjecture was, that the English wanted fuel. But the same kindness was extended by all, and the red men who gave their hearts to these white-browed strangers, these distressed exiles, anticipated a friendship lasting as the beams of their brilliant sun, and the waters of their deep rivers. They taught their new friends how to cultivate maize, and often bore them on their backs over their streams, conducted them to places of shelter when lost in the pathless woods, and when suddenly stiffened

by cold never before felt, warmed them at their own firesides; they decked them with their ornaments, and fed them, famishing as they were, from their own scanty stores of maize. At first the kindness was mutual. It melted the hearts of the Indians, that when forsaken by their countrymen in a contagious disease, the English attended them daily, buried their dead, and took their children to their own homes. Frequently the poor patients, deeply affected by this benevolence, acknowledged that the Englishman's God was a good God. Instances of honor on the part of the English tended to inspire the Indians with esteem and confidence. A party of the former, finding baskets of corn deposited in a cave, appropriated them to their own use, but afterwards discovering the owners, gave them double the value of the corn. Such was the sweet harmony that prevailed, that one of the new comers, describing his situation to his friends over the sea, said—"We for our parts walk as peaceably and safely in the wood as in the highways in England."

Taking into view the great difference between themselves and the whites, the Indians explained it by saying, that the Great Spirit gave the white man a plough, and the red man a bow and arrow, and sent them into the world by different paths, each to provide for his subsistence in his own way. On their part there was in some respects a feeling of superiority; the uninteresting uniformity of regular labor, and the adaptation of their simple agriculture to female strength, made them despise the patient industry of the whites; to sleep on a bed they deemed effeminate; they compared with self-complacency their upright walk with the vibratory gait of the English; they boasted of their uniformity of appearance, and considered the variety of color in the hair and eyes of the whites as a disgrace—marks of a mixed race. The Indian who could find a lost article of value, by tracing the steps of the loser—a missing child, whose parents could only weep and fold the hands in helpless resignation, looked proudly on the civilized man. It seemed to these acute observers contemptible not to distinguish in a dark night the trampling of a wolf from that of a dog. Perhaps they might have boasted of feeding on the delicious meats of the forest, obtained by the arts and toil of the chase, and condemned the white man for being content with the flesh of domestic animals which fell at his own door. They knew they were "better swimmers, could bear cold and hunger better, build a cabin more quickly, were better hunters and better warriors." Yet they considered the English, on the whole, as a more favored race;

and attributed their arts and letters to a greater God than their own; they saw how much more safely knowledge was lodged in written accounts than in tradition. And when they heard that about sixteen hundred years before the English resembled them, they were, in the language of their beloved friend Roger Williams, greatly affected with a secret hope concerning themselves.

At the arrival of the English, Miantunnomoh, the future sachem of the Narragansetts, then a boy, caught butterflies, and had just learned to hit a bird with an arrow. Coming to mature years, and assuming the authority derived from his ancestors, master of five thousand warriors, a distinguished friend of the powerful strangers, and nephew of the potent Canonicus, who had been the guardian of his fatherless youth, him whose wisdom and talents for command, set off by a lofty stature and a noble mien, impressed the English with admiration, Miantunnomoh felt secure. His principal seat was the green island of Canonicut, but he occasionally resided on the main land. Stillness reigned in these seemingly sequestered scenes. Here were none of the usual sounds familiar to our ears; here had not then been heard the cock's shrill clarion, or the neigh of the horse. Among the sounds of this region, entered not such as were heard about the patriarchal tents on the plains of the east, the bleating of flocks and the lowing of herds. The sleek, dappled, graceful flocks of Miantunnomoh and his subjects were, like those of the highland hunter, contained in no fold. This silent race of men pursued the chase without noise; the twang of the bow, the low whiz of the dart, were the loudest sounds betokening human presence, in the forests that have since echoed with the explosion of the rifle, and the strokes of the wood-cutter. The stillness was scarce broken, but by the clatter of the hoofs of the moose as he grazed on the sides of the hills, the song of the birds, the notes of the waterfowl, the breeze in the unbounded forests, and the dashing waves of the bay.

Maintunnomoh depended not only upon the chase; often might his plumed head be seen towering aloft, while fishing in the bay in his safe though slender canoe. The Master of Life bestowed on him the common gifts; for him the clefts of the rock poured forth pellucid fountains; for him the corn sprang up and ripened, the melon swelled, and the berries, in their sweetness, reddened and blackened on their green stalks; the russet fruits of the chesnut, the walnut and the beech rushed down in showers upon his path; with the partridge and the squirrel he divided the common feast; with the birds

and bears he shared the clusters of grapes, which hung temptingly from the huge twisted vines, when the stroke of the tomahawk had levelled a tree for fuel, the top lay just by his wigwam. In his winter expeditions, boughs of hemlock with their perennial foliage offered the hardy chief a commodious bed on the snow. He could lie down to sleep, and when he awoke find the deer browsing on the kalmia about his camp, and the more delicious moose, whose tongue and lip are a dish for a sagamore, within reach of his arrows. To him and his countrymen, the long line of the heavenly orbs was stretched out, and the silent language of these rolling spheres was understood and felt by these sylvan worshippers.

Miantunnomoh, the prince, the successful hunter, the victor over the cunning, the swift, the huge, and the fierce rovers of the forests and waters, could not fail to touch the soul of an Indian maiden, who perhaps, according to the song of another of her race, compared the heart of her lover, for its gentleness, to the sweet sap of the maple, and for its sensibility to the ever-moving leaf of the aspen. The lodge in which this pair dwelt was built of slender young trees, bent and inserted at the ends into the ground; it was round like an arbor, and covered to the turf with thick and well-wrought flag and rushen mats; a mat formed the door. It was provided and adorned with the necessities and ornaments appropriate to a woodland life; baskets of crab-shells, others curiously wrought, wooden bowls and dishes, beds of mats, baskets of parched corn, eagles' claws, the branching antlers of the hart, and the broad and massy horns of the moose. The wife of Miantunnomoh knew how to avail herself of the common gifts of seed-time and harvest, when the leaf of the white oak, one of a genus which the Indians name from its hand-formed leaf, was of the size of a mouse's ear, and the notes of the whip-poor-will, which the Indians interpret to mean 'plant corn' was first heard in the spring; she planted her fields with maize, and as one long fervid summer's day after another matured this fruitful and elegant plant, she would watch with delight its progress from the single green spire to the tall pyramid of glossy, arching leaves, loaded with golden, massy, cylindrical ears. Often in fantastic attire might this Indian dame be seen preparing the breakfast of her loved hunter, the turkey, goose, squirrel, bear, duck, raccoon, or deer, which had breathed the morning gale. It belonged to Miantunnomoh's wife to prepare his clothing—with what pleasure he threw over his shoulders the mantle composed of feathers nicely arranged by her hand! In preparing vests of beaver or raccoon

skins, her skilful fingers would set the fur all the same way, that the rain might not penetrate. Moss, bark and roots furnished brilliant and unfading colors to die the quills of the porcupine, with which she wrought the comely deer skin moccasins of her swift-footed chief; fringes and tassels of moose hair, dyed yellow and red, ornamented the seams of his vests. These were not her only employments—

“with dexterous hand,
She wrought the glittering wampum band.”

Inhabiting the shores of a great bay, which yielded abundant materials for wampum, the Narragansetts excelled in this curious manufacture. It was wrought from the inside of certain shells, the mussel, the periwinkle, and the clam, into the form of a bead, and perforated to string on slender threads of deer skin. Long and of various colors, black, purple and white, these beads, nicely arranged, composed belts as broad as the hand, and six times as long as they were broad.

This was the substance of which the public treasure consisted; six of the white, or three of the colored beads, being equivalent to a penny. Wampum purchased food, paid tribute, redeemed from captivity, made satisfaction for an injury, and inclined a powerful neighbor to peace. It supplied materials for the hieroglyphics, which composed the public registers, and conveyed intelligence from one tribe to another. These emblematic belts, according to the design, denote friendship or hostility. In the war belt were wrought figures of axes. A belt of black wampum testified sympathy for afflicted friends. One or two rows of white beads, running through the middle of a dark belt, signifying an open road, denoted peace between two nations. The oratory and pictures of the Indians, manifest the lively imagination that belongs to their condition; they delight in engravings, particularly those that represent animals.

In August, 1632, Miantunnomoh, filling his quiver with arrows, made of the straight viburnum, and plumed with the feathers of the turkey, departed from his home in the forest, to visit the white men at Boston; he was followed in the narrow woodland path, by his wife and twelve sanaps. For sustenance on the way, beside parched meal and a few ears of green corn, this being the month called in the native language of America, “the month of roasting ears,” as well as the “month when the young birds begin to fly,” with which they were provided, they depended for additional supplies on the fish of the stream, the birds and beasts of the woods, the roots

of the marshes, the *sagittaria* and *arum*, resembling the potato, and at noon they slaked their thirst at the fountains which burst forth in the recesses of the woods. No guide or compass shaped their course through the close and seemingly interminable forest ; when the sun shone they knew what direction to take, and in cloudy weather the mossy side of the trees, opposite to that embellished with the most luxuriant boughs and largest leaves, showed the north. After sunset, the immovable star, as they denominate the polestar, was their guide. For their encampment during the night, they took care to select a place in the woods free from moisture, first examining the trees to see if there were any decayed branches that might fall on them while they slept. They knew how to guard against the nocturnal "wily round" of the wolf, and that more fearful peril of the night, the far and silent leaps of the catamount. By the time the summer has advanced thus far, many of the flowers of these regions have disappeared, but the traveller may see the plumed head of the golden rod waving in the breeze, and the sultry air may bring him the sweets breathed from the pearly spikes of the clethra. Here and there may be seen a tall mullein, with its pale, oval, woolly leaves, thick as a raccoon's ear, lifting aloft its single, stout, perpendicular, crowded spikes of delicate yellow flowers. At this time, the orange touch-me-nots, far asunder, hang lightly from the swelling crystal stems, brightening through a pale and dim mass of leaves, like the distinguished offspring of obscure parents. The rich, dark, odorous, clustering flowers of the ground-nut nestle among its twining branches. The blue and yellow minulas, the pale snake-head are reflected in the brook, that but lately showed the glowing image of the scarlet lobelia. The bright, crowded tufts of the orange *asclepias* enlivened the wilderness. The elegant *gerardias* perfect their waxen, fairy goblets in the deep woods. The multitudinous asters lavish on all sides their blue, white, or purple stars. The swelling tufts of the velvet sumach put on their imperial hue. The aromatic *eupatorium*, the stately *hibiscus*, the beautiful orchis, the unfading, snowy *gnaphalium*, exempt from the frailty of its fair sisters of the wild, that bloom but to die, with its hoary stems and leaves, gladden the eye. The *clematis*, beautiful in its blossom, more beautiful in the feathery globes that succeed, hangs its garlands on the trees, or covers the gray rock with its profuse, snowy tufts. The fragrant white and golden blossoms of the *nymphœa*, bursting from their solid, dark, polished buds, like the moon issuing from a dark cloud, float on the deep waters at the summit of their long stems, like

slender columns, long as the legs of the huge moose, which wades into the rivers and lakes to crop these delicate flowers.

Miantunnomoh with his train, wearing perhaps coronets of these flowers, at length came suddenly upon infant Boston, sending up its few chimneys amid the surrounding woods: here they passed two nights. The English faces wore smiles. Governor Winthrop took them by the hand, conducted them to his house, and dismissed them finally with caresses. Miantunnomoh left Boston in the evening—hunters little regarding times. What a novelty must the Indian prince have been, to one accustomed till now, only to the refined circles of the old world—eloquence, the natural fruit of a powerful mind studious of the art of persuasion; the dignity attendant on power and wisdom, graces Winthrop had witnessed before only in a polished English gentleman, united as they were in the stately and generous Miantunnomoh, with ignorance of letters, rude and fantastic attire, and coarse habits of life!

Four years now passed away in the smoothness of peace; then an unhappy occurrence kindled a jealousy of the Indians that was never extinguished. Contempt had perhaps been shown by the civilized men, and the Indians had now learnt, that where the white man puts down his foot, he never takes it up; that while they were as thin as deer, the whites swarmed like flies; but the forest paths and sequestered waters of these regions had been as yet places of safety. Now an English pinnacle was seized by a party of Narragansetts, and the master slain. Canonicus immediately sent a message to the English, denying any participation in the deed, expressing his sorrow for what had happened, and signifying that Miantunnomoh had embarked with seventeen canoes and two hundred men to punish the aggressors, who resided on Block Island. Miantunnomoh at the same time sent back two English boys, who were in the pinnacle. A hundred fathoms of wampum and other articles belonging to the captain, were reserved for the English.

The same year, Miantunnomoh making known to the English that the Pequods, a neighboring tribe, had endeavored to persuade him that they, the English, meditated the destruction of the Indians, was invited to Boston, and came attended by two of the sons of Canonicus, and near twenty sanaps. At Roxbury, then in its native wilderness, twenty soldiers in martial scarlet and military caps, met and joined the majestic leader of these bare-headed, plumed and painted foresters. As they proceeded in company, differing in demeanor no less than in form, complexion and attire, the broad stare of the

civilized men was strangely contrasted with the polite, stolen glances of the savages. It was noon when Miantunnomoh, with his mingled train of native followers and new friends, entered Boston, where he was introduced to a grave assembly of magistrates and ministers, who were engaged in discussing a treaty. The sachems, for the sachem of the Pequods was in Boston, and their council dined by themselves in the same room with the Governor. Desires of a firm peace were expressed, and warm professions of regard made on this occasion by Miantunnomoh. A treaty between the Narragansetts and English was signed the next day. The signatures of the Indians are emblematic. Miantunnomoh's was a hand, and a bow with an arrow in it. When Miantunnomoh departed, he was convoyed by a party of soldiers, who on taking leave of him, made the forest resound with a volley of shot.

The next year the powerful tribes of the Pequods, who were seated in the southeastern part of Connecticut, inflamed against the English, hung their quivers on their backs, and armed with guns as well as bows and tomahawks, advanced to attack the young settlements. The English had scarcely learned the modes of warfare practised by these formidable enemies; they have been since despised by them for standing all together in a cluster, and suffering themselves to be pierced by their arrows, and prostrated like turkeys. They were transfixed with fear. Not a man now durst step out of doors to cut a stick of wood. No man was sure, when out of his house, of ever returning to it again. The infant and dispersed settlements were never in so great danger. Connecticut had not seen two summers. Providence, though a year older, contained but a handful of people. No settler in Massachusetts had witnessed its wide-spread forests mantling in green eight springs. Plymouth could send no full-grown man born on her soil, to fight her battles. The English, in their alarm, sought the friendship of other tribes. Roger Williams, the friend of Canonicus and Miantunnomoh, was applied to in trembling haste by these little scattered clusters of his countrymen, to use his influence with the Narragansetts, to prevent their joining the Pequods. This service he cheerfully undertook, and succeeded in it beyond their highest expectations, for he prevailed on the Narragansetts not only to remain at peace with the English, but to attack the Pequods. They were allies of the greatest consequence, being acquainted with the forests and morasses, and advantageous positions of the wilderness. This conduct too of a powerful tribe so disheartened the neighboring nations, that sitting inactive spectators of the contest,

they suffered the Pequods to be subdued by the combined English and Narragansetts.

The first of October came—the Indian “harvest month,” one of the pleasantest of the year in this land, radiant with golden sunshine, and the dying glories of the woods, when the crimson leaf of the maple, and the golden ruins of the walnut remind the spectator of the colored clouds in which the sun sets, when the last flowers of the year “stand proudly on their stems,” the gentian with its swelling bud-like blue and white flowers, and that other brighter and more beautiful, opening its fringed eyelids to the brief autumnal sun; when the gaudy blossoms of the witch-hazel, as it were the parting smiles of the year, unfold their long, yellow petals. At this time Miantunnomoh visited Boston. Peace was now restored, the red children and the white could fish in the stream, or ramble in the woods without starting at every noise, in fear of an ambushed enemy. The Indian warriors might hunt without guarding against an attack; the women go into the fields without watching every moment for an enemy, and at night put off their moccasins. The hearts of the English mothers were quieted, the knit brows of the fathers relaxed.

In the beginning of the year 1637, Canonicus, the guardian of Miantunnomoh, surrendered the regal authority to the young prince. They were so united, that Roger Williams, speaking of their friendship, says, in his expressive manner, “the elder sachem will not be offended at what the young sachem does, and the young sachem will not do what he conceives will displease his uncle.” About this time, the influence of Roger Williams over Miantunnomoh, procured for Governor Coddington the island of Aquetneck, (R. Island,) the finest island on the whole sea-coast of the northern British colonies, as well for its form and situation, as its fertile soil, and beautiful bays, capacious harbors, temperate climate, and healthful air. Roger Williams, the most interesting of all the English emigrants, speaks constantly with the greatest warmth of the friendship between himself and the Narragansetts, saying that “when all” his “countrymen became unfriendly, Canonicus received” him “kindly, and loved” him “as his son to the last breath; that he, on his part, never refused Canonicus and Miantunnomoh anything they desired—his boat or pinnace, or any personal exertion night or day for their benefit.” So favorably was he listened to by Miantunnomoh on the subject of Christianity, when he once discoursed to him, that the apostle overheard him at night, defending his statements against the objections of others. With regard to the grant of Aquetneck,

Roger Williams says, in his natural touching manner, "It was not price or money that could have obtained Rhode Island, but 'twas obtained by love, that love and favor which that honored gentleman, Sir Henry Vane, and myself had with the great sachem Miantunnomoh, about the league which I procured with the Massachusetts' English and the Narragansetts in the Pequod war. For the Indians were very shy and jealous of selling the lands to any, and chose rather to make a gift of them to such as they affected."

In 1640, though the scalp of a white man had never been seen in the dwelling of Miantunnomoh, and he had never, like his uncle Canonicus, sent the English by way of challenge, that sylvan emblem of war, a bundle of arrows wrapt in a rattlesnake's skin, clouds began to gather, weeds sprung up in the path of peace, spots of rust began to corrode the chain of union. Governor Dudley, in consequence of intimations from the Governor of Plymouth and Connecticut, that Miantunnomoh, to induce the Mohawks to assist him in an attack upon the English, had made them a present of wampum, sent an English officer with three of his countrymen, and an Indian interpreter, to learn the truth. The Narragansetts received the deputation with cordiality, offered their guests the pipe of peace, placed before them roasted maize, pounded chestnuts, and blackberry puddings, but refused to make any communications in the presence of the Indian interpreter, because he was a Pequod and a servant, their enemy, and would doubtless disclose their secrets. Another interpreter being substituted, the charge made by the English was denied. Professions of friendship were made, and Miantunnomoh promised to visit Boston on condition he might be accompanied by his English friend Roger Williams.

Although this was refused, two months after Miantunnomoh visited the Governor, being met at Dorchester by a party of soldiers, who conducted him to Roxbury. He was here entertained by Governor Dudley, but this imperious soldier, on the introduction of serious discussions, produced the Pequod interpreter, who had before been rejected. Miantunnomoh anew very naturally objected to the intervention of so dangerous a confidant, but the haughty, unyielding puritan, regarding as too humble a condescension any compliance with the wishes of a heathen and a savage, refused to employ any other. The conference was broken off, the parties separated with lowering brows, and Miantunnomoh left Roxbury for Boston, without the customary marks of respect, or any acknowledgment of the Governor's attentions. The rigid Dudley on his part,

withheld from the Indian chief any notice, and the customary admission to his table. Miantunnomoh at last, on further discussion, acceded to the acknowledgments required, and held communication with the English through a Pequod maiden. Under such circumstances, it was natural he should withhold his political secrets. The harsh reception the noble chief encountered from the proud Dudley, so contrary to that he had experienced before from the gentle Winthrop, and the injurious concession required, caused him to depart with the feelings of a person deeply wronged. His parting speech was, that when the English visited him, they were permitted to follow their own customs, and he expected the same liberty.

In 1642, reports were again circulated of a combination among all the Indians to destroy the English. Miantunnomoh and Uncas, sachem of the Mohegans, being at this time at war, such reports might arise from mutual attempts to discredit each other with the English; they had hitherto been considered as the song of a bird which had flown by. However, it was now thought necessary to despatch a message to Miantunnomoh, to acquaint him that he was accused of aiming at a confederacy among the Indians hostile to the English, of making his son sachem of the Pequods, and some other breaches of the league; he was also to be invited to Boston to quiet the doubts of the English. When the two messengers, accompanied by both an Indian and an English interpreter, reached Miantunnomoh's residence, it being summer, he took them into the shade of the woods. Perhaps bows and arrows, tomahawks and guns, made a part of the furniture of his wigwam, and Indian delicacy forbids the discussion of treaties in a place which contains weapons. Indians have complained that the whites select forts to settle treaties in; that terms are proposed to them in a strong prison, with guns gaping on all sides. Beneath the oaks and maples of the American forests, amid the songs of birds, Miantunnomoh, attended by only one associate, ventured, courageous in innocence, to face his four visitors. To all their enquiries he gave satisfactory answers, and promised to visit the Governor. When he came to Boston, at the time appointed, it was a subject of profound reflection, how to treat with a man of his capacity; there was a gathering of their wisest. Before his admission the points of discussion were agreed upon, and no one except the Governor, through whom the suggestions of others were to pass, was to address him. These preliminaries being adjusted, the Indian prince was summoned, and received with salutations apparently cordial.

Round the council-board was seated the grave assembly in close, sad-colored attire, composed of men in whose faces might be traced the austere melancholy of exiles. Of these, the most distinguished were Winthrop, Endicott and Dudley. The lenient, refined Winthrop, with a flowing head and full ear-locks, with a stiff plaited ruff round his neck, of more cultured mind than his associates, but with regard to the men of nature before him, not versed in the just philosophy of the apostle Paul, presided. Close at hand might be met the severe dark eye of the ungentle Endicott, the deputy Governor; a close black cap, the white angular bands of the magistrate, mustaches, and the lock depending from the nether lip, distinguished his outer man; he came, piqued against the red race, by his ill success as the commander of a party against the Indians in the Pequod war. There sat the intolerant Dudley, for many years in Europe of that impatient profession which cuts instead of untying knots; he had been a military officer, one of those English soldiers, who had, at the command of Elizabeth, girded on his sword in the cause of Henry IV. In him, avarice, and the fastidiousness acquired by a long residence in the sumptuous household of the Earl of Lincoln, both condemned the lauded savage. Miantunnomoh with two or three of his counsellors, whose presence he wisely desired, that they might bear witness at his return of all he uttered, and as many of the neighboring Indians, selected by him, sat in dignified composure at the lower extremity of the council-board. These few strangers presented in their persons, with their stunted foreheads, deep, small, dark eyes, dusky, broad faces, projecting cheek-bones, prominent nose, smooth chin, coarse, black, straight and spare hair, a striking, and with the exception of distinguished grace of motion, and beauty of form, an unfavorable contrast with the fair, ruddy, bearded English, with their expanded foreheads, for the most part blue eyes, and light hair put into some artificial form. As deeply marked was the difference of dress. These singular guests appeared in furs, plumes and uncouth ornaments, the spoils of animals but something wilder than themselves. Yet partially in none, is the triumph of education over nature more decided than in the men of this race, who exhibit the patriotism and self-command of old Rome. The nimble foot belongs to the Indian by his condition, but the bravery, fortitude, hospitality, dignity of manners, the generosity which contemns traffic in necessaries, such as flesh and maize, which belong to his character, are acquired qualities. Miantunnomoh, as became a chieftain, possessed in an un-

common degree all the lofty traits which mark his race, and he had what belongs only to an elevated mind, a value for gifts he did not himself possess; he valued the arts of civilized life, revered those who possessed "a book concerning men's souls," and acknowledged the superiority of letters over tradition.

On this remarkable occasion, the answers of the Indian prince, in reply to the questions of the English magistrates, were deliberate and judicious, and evinced his knowledge of the principles of justice. He demanded to face his accusers, and that punishment for them, if they should be found guilty of calumny, which he would have merited in the same case, and must have expected—death. Governor Winthrop professed not to know them, and declared they were not within his jurisdiction. He engaged not to act upon their accusations before giving him an opportunity of making explanations, according to a former agreement. "Why then did you disarm the Indians?" asked the ready Miantunnomoh, but was satisfied with the reason assigned, that it was on account of robberies committed by Indians at Saco. He maintained his innocence of the conspiracy by various suggestions, and endeavored to convince the English that they had been deceived by a malicious report of Uncas. He expressed a strong desire to meet Uncas at Connecticut, or rather at Boston, where he would prove his treachery to his face. He offered to appear before the English at any time, though careful friends had suggested dangers to life or liberty at their hands. His innocence and confidence in their justice, would, he declared, bring him promptly to their presence at any time, merely on receiving an intimation to this effect from a friendly Indian, without dispatching an English messenger. In addition, he complained of being aggrieved by these slanders, as having obliged him to confine his subjects at home, and refrain from hunting.

At dinner-time a separate table was provided for the Indians, and Miantunnomoh was left to dine with them. This neglect filled him with discontent, nor would he eat till the Governor sent him food from his own table. Afterwards, at night, and during his whole stay, he was placed at the table of the magistrates. Tobacco and articles of apparel were presented to him at his departure; and after taking leave of the Governor, and such of the magistrates as were present, he turned round and gave his hand to the Governor again, saying that was for the rest of the magistrates who were absent.

Thus ended this visit of acquittal; the accused voluntarily presenting himself at a tribunal evidently partial to the accuser, he not appearing. The fathers of New England wanted the equitable temper of William Penn, who decreed afterwards in his colony, that all differences between the planters and the natives should be ended by twelve men; by six planters and six natives. When we revert to the trials endured by the early settlers, it is not their melancholy adieus to England, nor what they encountered in America—the rocky coast, the freezing atmosphere, the houseless waste, the ponderous vegetable burden, unfit for man's nutriment, engrossing the soil—upon which our minds most dwell; it is the varied trial of virtue, arising from their relations with the Indians.

In the beginning of the year 1645, a new prejudice seized upon the minds of the English against Miantunnomoh, as the instrument of conveying a certain tract of land to Samuel Gorton, one of those marked individuals, whom such an enterprise as that of the English emigrants often excites and brings to view. Though a clothier, he was a man of good family, and well-taught, for he could read the Scriptures in the original languages. Like his self-banished brethren, he had emigrated to America to enjoy uncontrolled liberty of conscience, but not embracing their opinions, was held by them, though of irreproachable character, in great aversion. This they manifested by depriving him of his liberty, invading his property, subjecting him to the scourge, and finally, after the time of which we now speak, putting him in fetters and compelling him to labor. With such feelings they not only determined that the remote resting-place he owed to the friendship of Miantunnomoh, should prove no refuge from their animosity, but forgot, if they did not deliberately violate the rights of the Indian prince. The land conveyed to Gorton, lies at the head of Narragansett Bay, a spot famed in American history, at which the traveller, now borne upon its waters, gazes with interest, not only as the birth-place of Greene, but moved by more remote themes of interest, by recollections of the oppressed Gorton, his attached and heroic associates, his Indian patron, and his generous English friend, the Earl of Warwick, for whom the grateful colonists named the place. Although it lay far without the bounds of the Massachusetts charter, yet the enemies of Gorton imperiously summoned Miantunnomoh to Boston to submit to their censure. These haughty pretensions were resisted both on the part of the Americans and their fellow Englishmen, with a becoming spirit of independence. Miantunnomoh avowed the sale of

the land, and asserted his right to make it. The declaration of Randal Holden, an associate of Gorton, in reply to a remonstrance from Governor Winthrop, was spirited and noble: "If you put forth your hand as countrymen, ours are in readiness for you; if you exercise your pen, accordingly do we become a ready writer; if your sword be drawn, ours is girt upon our thigh."

The same year a war broke out between the Narragansetts and Mohegans, who were seated on the coast of Connecticut. Uncas, the Mohegan chieftain, being at variance with Sequasson, the kinsman of Miantunnomoh, Miantunnomoh apprised the Governor of Massachusetts, and was desirous to know if he should offend the English, by espousing the part of his relative. The answer was, if Uncas had wronged him or his friends, and refused satisfaction, he was free to pursue his own course. Miantunnomoh accordingly attacked Uncas, but was defeated; and embarrassed by a corslet lent him by some of his Warwick friends, attempted in vain to escape. He was treacherously seized by two of his own followers, in hopes of favorable terms for themselves, and delivered up to Uncas. Miantunnomoh stood mute and composed before the conqueror. Uncas, impatient of his dignified silence, said to him, "If you had taken me, I would have besought you for my life." That his life was prolonged, considering his rank as a powerful sachem, the importance of such a prize, astonished Miantunnomoh, and he repeatedly desired death. The news of his fate distressed greatly his English friends and faithful subjects; the grateful Gorton, concerned for his safety, demanded him of Uncas with threats. Roger Williams, the friend of the miserable, who doubtless longs to clasp with his incorruptible hand, the mortal hands of that glorious band, the friends of the Cherokees, implored the English in his behalf. Presents were despatched by the Narragansetts to the victor, either as a ransom for their enslaved sovereign, or to induce Uncas to deliver him to the English, in whose humanity they placed a vain confidence. This step Uncas had resolved to take, and the confiding Miantunnomoh, not only considered Uncas as acting nobly in sparing his life, but in executing his promise to deliver him to the English.

Uncas conducted his prisoner to Hartford, to consult the magistrates there, whose hearts burnt with like animosity against the unsuspecting prince. Some trifling courtesy the wavering virtue of the Governor showed him; but though an independent chieftain, he was kept under guard. The generous return from Miantunnomoh, was, to warn the Governor

against a surprise, by his own subjects, to effect his liberation. The restraint continued till commissioners from the several colonies met at Boston, to decide upon the fate of their independent ally; not to restore the weary prisoner to his free native haunts, to make amends for the restraint that had been imposed, so peculiar a wrong to a hunter and a chieftain, not to exercise justice to an oppressed stranger, or piety, by righteous dealing with a creature of the same Father in Heaven. They met, filled with wrath against their captive for selling Shaomet to the hated Gorton, with contempt for a savage, fear of a powerful neighbor, avarice, that coveted the broad lands of the hunters, and the rash bigotry, that spreads its stained hands in the face of Heaven. Still conscience spoke amid the roar of the passions, and was not silenced, but by the united voice of five clergymen, to whom the civil authorities resorted for advice, believing that hands deemed holy could consecrate the deed, which they wished, yet feared to commit. It was decreed to take the life of Miantunnomoh.

The moral sensibility of these self-constituted judges, left to the promptings of nature, notwithstanding their violent prepossessions, would have protected Miantunnomoh, but he fell a victim to the cold subtleties of a different set of men, who taught that he was a worshipper of the evil spirit, and who drew anti-evangelical parallels between the relative condition of him and his oppressors, and that of the Jews and Canaanites. Why is a retired scholar often the severest of judges? Is it because fear, the most cruel of all the passions, takes strongest hold of those whose contemplative habits exaggerate danger, and whose sedentary life, in diminishing bodily vigor, giving the nerves the mastery, diminishes courage? Did this passion, combined with a recluse's love of repose, the human sympathies benumbed by solitude and misery proving no check, acting upon those practised reasoners, devise the cunning logic that demanded the blood of the captive? When we consider the recent sufferings of these our predecessors in the Pequod war, we may pardon them, but we will not, as we are often called upon to do, feel proud of our departed countrymen. Elizabeth putting to death the fugitive Mary, is a similar case; but the comparison is advantageous to the cruel princess.

Lest this assembly, whose secret and whose honor, living in better times, we have escaped partaking, should on their dispersion fall into vengeful hands, (for the noble victim had warned Governor Haynes, that his friends had it in contemplation to capture one or more of their number, with a view to

his redemption,) they enjoined with regard to their decision the closest secrecy. How little these men had their own approbation, how much they feared the reproaches of others, appears from their transferring the perpetration of the crime to the hands of a stranger, and a foreign soil. They desired Uncas to take Miantunnomoh, and under pretence of removing him to a safer place of custody, carry him out of their jurisdiction, and put him to death. On receiving an assurance, that if he should be attacked on this account by the loyal Narragansetts, the English would take him into their protection, Uncas consented, and Miantunnomoh being conducted by his fell enemy beyond the protecting landmarks of the English territory, on the way between Hartford and Windsor, the brother of Uncas stealing behind him, the treacherous blow alighted on the head of the captive, and ended his life.

What could have been the last thoughts of the doomed chief, probably from the demeanor and known sentiments of Uncas, anticipating his fate on the way? Bitter consciousness, that he was in the power of an enemy, and by the agency of the English! Reproachful reflections on the return made by the English for the friendship of himself and his uncle Canonicus, who, when they came to America as distressed and friendless strangers, kindly received, fed, and protected them; he called to mind perhaps the assistance he had in his credulity rendered the English, in their wars with the Pequods; reflected painfully on his own easiness of temper, when he so readily relinquished his suspicions, on occasion of being repulsed with a pike from a house he had approached from curiosity to see a Pequod sachem, taken prisoner by his brother, and delivered to the English. "Did ever friends deal so with friends?" he had said then to Roger Williams, but was reconciled on being assured he was not known. He perhaps called to mind the vain gifts of wampum made by him during his imprisonment to those supposed friends, who had returned him to the hands of Uncas. Perhaps reflections on the gradual encroachments of the English, might, in part, reconcile him to the impending blow, as he anticipated the time, when the ground would be sold under his feet, and he left without room to spread his blanket; when cows, and sheep, and horses would graze where the savory deer now browsed in the woods; when the ox would recline under the apple-tree where the elm now stretched its long pendant branches over the moose. But the love of life revived, when he turned in

bitter thought to his distant matted hut embowered in the woods,

“where were his young barbarians all at play.”

Never again will he stand free within its precious shelter—never again say to its beloved mistress, “I am returned,” nor hear her welcome reply, “I rejoice.” Who will now form his children into hunters and warriors? Who will now place the small bow in their infant hands, and teach them to bring down the flying bird? Who will teach them the tracks of different animals, stealthily to approach the deer and the moose, to fish and to catch the beaver? Who will instruct these beloved ones in the traditions, laws and ceremonies of his nation.

Perhaps the Indian hero nerved his heart to endure torture, the customary pangs by which the soul of an Indian captive is severed from his body. Worse than this anticipation, possibly was the thought, that he must die so desolate, without the parting words of advice and kindness; when the last breath was drawn, he must enter the land of spirits defenceless and unprovided; no mourners near to deck him in his best attire, and paint his face, that he may appear comely before the Great Spirit, and the spirits of his departed friends; none to furnish the helpless departed with the gifts of affection, with food, or his trusty bow and arrow, or with moccasins for his far journey in the road of the dead; his assembled tribe would not perform his obsequies. Instead of the funeral feast, and the wail, and the eulogy, would be the exulting whoop of an enemy; his dark locks exposed to every eye, would be borne in triumph on the person of Uncas. There would be none to wrap him in beaver skins, and seat him in his last dwelling-place; no glorious hieroglyphics of his deeds would be seen over his unknown grave; that it would lie far from his own domains, in the land of the stranger, added to its natural dreariness; no filial step would ever approach the endeared spot; no pious care remove the weeds from the earth that covered him; no loyal hearts pour out their last blood to protect his final abode. But the bitterest thought that beset him in his hour of agony, was, that though he might go to a country of perpetual spring, unclouded skies and smooth waters, where the forests always abounded with game, and the lakes with fish, which might be taken without toil, where departed relatives were re-united, and the inhabitants fed on perpetual feasts of fat meat, walked without danger of an ambush, and renewed in beauty and vigor, sung and danced in the presence of that bounteous Being, the Bestower of fruit and game, yet

in this beauteous world he must be the slave of Uncas; he felt that unequalled misery to an Indian mind, that dying by the hands of an enemy, he must be the slave of that enemy in the world to come.

Poor Miantunnomoh! that breath has flown which a moment since sent up exhalations to the Great Spirit! Silent are those eloquent lips, motionless those feet, which were just now fleetier than the deer; stiff those arms that could climb the tallest tree, and draw the toughest bow; prostrate and inanimate that graceful frame, so lately admired for its lofty stature, its arrow-like straightness, and its fair proportions; closed the keen eye that took unerring aim, that could discern the path through vast forests, and detect the traces of man or beast, on the smallest tuft of bent grass. The acute sense, and the strong limb, the brave and generous heart, the sagacious head are beaten down by one common blow.

T. H.

THE WARNING.

THOU shouldst not love me—though my heart
With thine may seek a mutual part;
My soul is wedded with the Fame,
That dazzled, while its broad flash came,
As from a brilliant, flickering star,
Which burns most bright, though distant far;—
—Thou shouldst not love, with ardor warm,
The mind that rideth on the storm—
The heart that from thee turns away,
Yet loving, sighs for longer stay—
The spirit tempered with a flame,
Which lights young life, yet blasts the same.

Love not—the warning soon I give—
I cannot turn, but still must live,
And share the frown or smile of fate,
Even though the heart is desolate;—
Yet I have often looked to thee,
As thou my constant aim might be—
And thou hast been in a dark sky,
The one spot cloudless, and thine eye
The only star that brightly shone
From that blue spot, on me alone;
Would that I knew no other ray,
To lure my gaze from that away!

Heed now the warning, and forget
 The heart that's doomed to wander yet ;
 My life—like a calm summer's stream,
 Though still and quiet now it seem,
 Its deeper current feels the shock
 Of each projecting, secret rock—
 And farther onward, bright and tall,
 A sparkling, headlong waterfall,
 Descends, with nothing to resist,
 And folds its silvery sheet in mist ;
 And this is man—his wild career—
 Too much of him is pictured here.

And what is Fame ?—but now and then
 A halo round the names of men—
 A mirrored floor to walk upon,
 Where breaking fragments in the sun
 Sparkle and magnify the more,
 And seem far brighter than before ;—
 —Thou shouldst not love me—for 'twill be
 To sacrifice myself and thee ;
 And I would have *one* tearful eye—
One heart, whose pulse would be a sigh,
 For me to throb, when else my name
 Were lost in memory's wasting flame.

J. F. R.

REPORT

*Of the Tremont Theatre Investigating Committee.**

(Continued from page 592.)

THE two principal reasons for the declining popularity of theatrical amusement, seems then totally insufficient to account for the fact—Religion has nothing to do with it. The people are neither *good* enough to oppose the theatre from principle, nor foolish enough to believe that Satan lurks behind the green curtain disguised as an actor or a play. When that system of religious belief so prevalent in this city, as to rally in its ranks nearly all the intelligence and good sense of the community, shall be universal, and that opposite system which drives to goodness by the conjured up phantoms of a disordered imag-

* Errata in the first part of this article :—Page 586, 8th line from bottom, for *check* read *omen*. Same page, 4th line from bottom, for *Mazaro* read *Nazareth*. Page 587, 17th from bottom, insert *more* between *a* and *powerful*, so as to read, *a more powerful*.

ination, continuing to lose ground, shall finally disappear, (which God grant may be soon,) public sentiment will remain the same, except in being more marked and decided. Religious opinion, we repeat, so little influences this matter, that even when the creed allowing its adherents the moderate enjoyment of a rational entertainment, has prevailed over that which forbids it, disinclination for the drama will have gathered force, and more congenial relaxation have supplied its place.

As to the other reason so vehemently urged to account for the diminished patronage, we think we have shown it to be equally inadequate. All the injury which the obnoxious sermon caused, was to create an unlucky and impolitic Report, which, like a mist, magnified the deformity it was designed to conceal. Unlucky, because of its perceptibly bad effect, and impolitic, because it endeavored to color what could not be removed, and invited attention to imputations, which, if slanderous, had much better been silently passed over.

That the theatre has ceased to be a fashionable or popular place of resort, will not, we think, be denied. Such a result might have been foreseen and predicted from the natural course of events. It is everywhere to be observed, and is nowhere so visible as in our little metropolis. Occasionally, we allow, the brightness of a large audience smiles upon the performers, and leads them to believe that the cloud which so long has chilled them, has at last melted away; but the returning gloom of an almost empty house, freezes their hope in its bud. Sometimes it is a new play or celebrated actor, which for a little while rouses attention; though even a new piece, unless there be a personal interest in its author, fails in effect after the first representation. On some favorite's benefit night his spirits are raised by a "*bumper*." In such a case people attend from regard to *him*; to thank him for his past endeavors to contribute to their amusement, although unsuccessful—and they were unsuccessful, not from want of exertion, but because the force was applied in a wrong direction. We applaud a man who labors hard in his vocation, and may occasionally step from our path to assist him; but if we do not need his services, more cannot be expected. The worthy and excellent manager filled the house on *his* benefit night. Was good acting the attraction? If so, why did Mad. Feron warble her melody to walls so bare, that the echo almost destroyed the original? Why did Forrest shorten his engagement? Or why does not the manager draw an equally good house *each* night he performs? Were he the poorest ranter that ev-

er committed felony against the king's English, (which he is very far from being,) the same warmth of applause would have greeted him that evening. His exertions were appreciated. His private character is respected, and therefore this opportunity was seized to indicate an existing good will. We rejoice at his success, and hope that of the rest of his family may be equal, and if possible, greater. Nevertheless these are but slight exceptions to our remark; they do not weaken its application, and in a short time will cease to be even exceptions.

Several causes conduce to the unpopularity of the theatre; and their combined operation renders the fact too obvious to be denied.

It has ceased to be *fashionable*. Who constitute that part of our population, we do not undertake exactly to describe. The lower row of boxes generally characterizes the house. The former must sparkle with many bright eyes and smiling faces, for the latter to have, in newspaper phrase, a "*fashionable audience*." Those brilliant stars which illumine a ball-room with their attendant satellites, are at least the elements. If this be so, no better reason is wanting why the theatre is no longer fashionable. The constant and varying succession of balls and parties renders it physically impossible to patronize the drama. Scarcely a night passes during the whole theatrical season, in which there is not a party of one kind or another. Some attend them under a feeling of obligation to keep an acquaintance. Others to shelter with their matronly wing the young fledgling just trying its strength in the atmosphere of dissipation. By far the greater proportion delight to skip merrily on "the light fantastic toe;" and some perhaps deem it more useful to receive applause in a ball-room, than to bestow it in a theatre. From whatever cause it arises, parties are numerous and well attended, and no one who, for a week, seeks the solitude of her chamber only at midnight, is inclined the next week to gape in the play-house. No constitution could support such trials, even were any inclined to devote every evening to amusement. Both cannot be attended; one must be relinquished, and we ask our fair friends which they prefer. It need not perhaps be added, that when the ladies are absent, there is little attraction for that portion of the fashionable world, technically called "*beaux*." It is not only beyond the strength, but also beyond the means of many to visit the theatre. The dress of a modern belle for a single night, probably exceeds in cost her grandmother's wardrobe. To be elegantly attired, is a demand which society makes on its members. The standard has reached its utmost height,

and none would fall below it. Besides this source of expense, the frequenters of parties must themselves be contributors. Some are made to return invitations, others to procure them, and the routes of the present day, equally with more important affairs, are affected by the "march of mind." The sum expended on a single ball in the present manner of entertainment, might maintain the whole pleasure-seeking population in parties for a winter, after the style of the economical stiff-tea-meetings of our ancestors. So that the large draughts upon the purses of some, the health of others, and the time of all, render it no longer strange that the theatre is unfashionable. These causes, more or less operating in every community, and especially in our small and sociable society, are assisted by that unfortunate Report, which has probably forever, certainly for a long time, precluded every chance of a change.

Though the brilliancy of an audience may gratify the manager, yet if decency and order be observed, it little matters of whom it is composed. In other words, if the theatre be *popular*, it need not be *fashionable*. That it is not so, none need be surprised, who reflect upon the vast influence of the press.

In sending forth those myriads of novels which deluge the world, the press becomes a powerful and deadly foe to dramatical exhibitions. A single work may be obtained for less money than will admit a small family to the theatre, and affords a less fleeting and more fascinating entertainment. A book can be read again if its contents are forgotten, and serves the children after the parents have finished it. When works of romantic fiction were not easily procured, every family indulged themselves once or twice, perhaps, in a season, with tickets for the play; the same money can now purchase a greater share of more enduring amusement. If, however, all were compelled to buy the food they so eagerly devour, the influence of these publications would not be so great. But the circulating libraries, which swarm in our streets, render such aid to the creative power of the press, that it seems less wonderful why the theatre is deserted, than how any exertion can keep it in existence. For the price of a pit ticket which lasts only one night, eight volumes may be hired, which, even if rapidly perused, will be occupation for a week; and of course for the price of a box ticket, sixteen volumes may be had. In a reading community like ours, advantages like these will never be slighted. Almost every offspring of the mind finds refuge in a circulating library. They who choose novels can

be abundantly gratified ; they who require more solid satisfaction may seek it there ; and they who prefer to thread the mazes of scientific research, need be at no loss for guides.

This cause will always produce similar effects, proportioned in their extent to the character of the population upon which its power is exerted. There is, however, another obstacle opposed to the success of the drama, peculiar, we believe, to our own city, and which, if the present enthusiasm be of any duration, can scarcely fail to eventuate in its overthrow. We allude to the numerous scientific lectures, both under the care of societies and of unaided individual enterprise. The plan is comparatively novel, and therefore popular. It is consistent with our strange disposition, that all novelty should be encouraged. Whatever strikes our fancy is suddenly elevated to the pinnacle of favor. Everything else is at once abandoned. Not content with giving a passing tribute of admiration, and waiting till it proves a title to our esteem, we exhaust our fervor almost immediately, and then withdraw our support and let it fall to the ground. This singular trait characterizes not only our mob, and persons not supposed to be much guided by reason, but others also from whom more seriousness might be expected. A new preacher, or a new actor, a new rail-road, or a new bridge, a new house, or a new monument, enlists in its support all our influence, and talents, and wealth. Sometimes a stranger is the idol of the *beau monde*, sought and respected without enquiry into his claims for attention, any further than that he is new. One would think that having been so often deceived, we should have at length acquired the ordinary caution of experience ; but no—a foreigner must be worthy because he is a foreigner, and having caressed until we spoil him, we finally discover ourselves to have been duped by some sharper, or honest simpleton who never thought there was aught in him to admire until we turned his brain. This propensity ensures at least the temporary success of the lectures. They are well attended, and from the reports of some societies, seem rapidly increasing in number. There is, however, a more powerful excitement than novelty to stimulate the exertions of their patrons, and which leaves no doubt of their ultimate prosperity. It is a necessary consequence of our free schools that a love of learning should be widely diffused. Enough is acquired at one of those institutions to create a desire for more, and it is the nature of science to increase the very cravings it undertakes to alleviate. By means of these lectures a very large amount of instruction is obtained for a very small sum. The course is skilfully adapted to suit all

tastes, and is long enough to employ every evening in the week, either in actual attendance or in transcribing what was heard some previous time. Thus all those who find instruction amusing, (and they form a large part of our population,) can leave an expensive entertainment, for a cheap method of improvement. That such is the cast of the public mind, all its members are well aware. Actors call us a body of critics, and he who triumphs before a Boston audience need fear no other. Strangers observe that a tragedy of Shakspeare or a comedy of Sheridan, or any performance requiring talent and mind to relish and appreciate it, fills the pit sooner than a spectacle depending upon a frivolous fancy for its support. The world improves in mental power as certainly and surely as it progresses in age; and by the vast and powerful energy of the press, assisted by "general education," "the great steam engine of the human mind" will be driven forward with a velocity impossible to calculate or limit. Theatres have had their day; the decree for their execution has issued, and no power can countermand it.

There is one other reason why the theatre should be unpopular in this city. It is the desire which men have to change their condition. Every one perceives the avenues of education open to his efforts. An imaginary standard of excellence is adopted and all strive to attain it. They whose lot is cast in what they erroneously consider an humble and inferior station, resolve that their children shall enjoy the advantages of which they were deprived; so that it is the ambition of a parent, (as we once heard an honest old farmer observe,) "not to have a child incapable of teaching his father." The track he trod is unworthy of them. They must aspire to a more elevated path, and leave a trade to seek eminence in a profession. To accomplish this object a heavy tax is required, which by some is paid with ease, but which strains every nerve of others to the utmost. These must curtail expensive amusements, and none is so much so as the theatre. This is one effect of our republican institutions, and although compared with others it may be slight, yet to the dependants upon the drama, is of no small importance.

With these obstacles to encounter, how is it possible for the drama ever to regain its original hold on public estimation? Had other amusement usurped its place, had it been pushed aside from mere impulse of caprice, and not by the pressure of principle, there might be reason to hope that the gloss of novelty having disappeared, the theatre might be again received into favor. But that hope is precluded. No sudden

whim has produced the change. It is the resistless progress of mind, which bursts through and bears away in its course even the firmly based barriers of prejudice and habit. Remnants of them may indeed be left to mark their former location, but even these will be fast swept away. Where the current is strongest the first breach will be made, and every day swells the stream, augmenting its surface and extending its power. It can never return to its source, but must roll on with increasing impetuosity, till it is lost in the great ocean of eternity. To a force like this, the drama offers but a slight impediment; it already struggles for existence, and must soon disappear forever.

LOVE AND FAME.

ONE eve the stars were peering brightly
From their far home, and, tired with play,
The sportive Wind was sleeping lightly,
As nestling in some flowers he lay.

'Twas then two Spirits, Love and Fame,
Met to dispute, this pleasant night,
About the power each swayed o'er man,
Sitting beneath the moonshine white.

Said Fame, with a sneering air of pride,
"Do you doubt my magic power—
I rule all men in every clime,
In every clime and hour.

O'er the crimsoned haze of the battle field,
I wave on flashing wings,
And the warrior brave, to gain my smile,
To his foeman gladly springs.

And when dying he lies upon the plain
My figure floats before him,
In its brightness is dimmed the glorious light
Of heaven opening o'er him.

And I search for the scholar at noon of night,
When the lamp of life is wasting,
And with smiles of living lustre light
The death-road o'er which he's hasting.

And he gazes forth on the many stars
As they look from their far-off spheres—

And he dreams that my voice is sounding his name
As the starry choir he hears.

He who of old destroyed the fane
Of sacred chastity,
Amid the flames and rushing smoke—
Madly sought only *me*.

Amid the smouldering, ruined pile
My smile bade him rejoice;
Above the curses of his kind
He heard my thrilling voice."

And more had Fame, vain glorious, said,
When Love impatient rose—
The stars looked brighter as he spoke—
His face with passion glows.

"Away, away, proud Fame," he said—
"My power is greater than thine,
Wherever a sway you boast to hold,
A greater is there—'tis mine !

In the battle my voice is shriller than yours,
And it drowns the trumpet's bray;
To the scholar's heart I glide in a song,
From your paths I lead him astray.

The eye which unshiningly looked afar
To read in the stars his name,
Is dazzled by weaker orbs than they—
His heart burns with brighter flame.

I fall with the dew from the bending skies,
And lurking 'mong roses I rove;
And the maiden plucks the treach'rous flower,
And unweetingly bosoms Love.

In every melting breeze that floats,
In every purpled flower that blows,
In every beam the moon rains down,
In every music-strain that flows,

In every heart that breaths a wish,
I sit and rule supreme—
And the happiest hour each mortal knows,
Is "love's young dream."

And just as Love his song had sung,
A band of trooping fairies came—
Umpires they were, and gave to Love
The victory with loud acclaim.

H. F. M.

THE INDIANS.

THE Indians!—we never hear that word spoken without emotion. With it comes the thought of their past freedom, their present humiliation, their future extinction. Notwithstanding that they have been described by many an eloquent pen, as a savage and cruel people, whose destruction was warranted by the necessities of civil society, still we cannot but regard them as a people much wronged, and contemplate even the darkest features in their history, more in sorrow than in anger. If they were cruel, it was the vehement prompting of a bold and unbridled nature, stung by what they considered to be unjust encroachments on their rights; it was the wild action of natures untaught by civilization, and uninstructed by the mild precepts of religion. In their ignorance they weakly bartered away their lands for a mere song, and they awoke from their dream, and saw at length for what they had sold their birthright; it is not strange that, ignorant of the obligations of civil society, their free spirits should have been indignant at the wrong, and their hands turned against those who had dispossessed them. We know how much argument has been and may be advanced to justify their expulsion, on the ground that they were a wild people, hunters of game, having no permanent proprietorship of the soil, and unable to till the soil and make it fertile as we have; and also, that that expulsion was first affected by those revered and reverend men, our fathers; still we cannot shut our eyes to the manner and fact of their removal. We stand upon their very hunting grounds, obtained from those unenlightened men by artfully managed bargains, and see their broken tribes disappearing in the woods of the west, on their route to the Pacific, and justify the act, on the plea that they relinquished their country by voluntary transfer, or forfeited it by their headstrong violence, or their inability to make as good use of it as could others. Let us, at least at this day, when we can sit down quietly in the land they occupied, with no longer a fear that their hand can reach us to do us harm, allow them the possession of whatever good qualities they may have had, acknowledge honestly whatever wrongs they may have suffered, pardon in them whatever offences they may have committed in ignorance, commiserate their fallen condition, and, if possible, avert any impending evil, and render to them such protection and assistance as may be easily yielded, not impoverishing ourselves, but “making them rich indeed.”

There are some who cannot regard the Indian character or Indian rights with a fair or favorable eye. They look upon the picture, and to them it is only dark with the intense passions that agitate humanity, but is never brightened by those better colors that soften human life in all its various conditions. They can only discern those rueful tragedies that are forever transacting among men, in the hearts of the poorest of whom, the ignoble blood boils as fiercely as in the veins of the loftiest. They do not step out of their way to see those simpler scenes of the drama, in which are represented the innocent loves and sports that cheer and diffuse a happy influence throughout the complicated channels of life. They look upon the Indian man and woman as deservedly outcasts from mankind, as beings who do not partake of human sympathies, who cannot be civilized or Christianized, and therefore unworthy to live within the pale of civilized society. They would bid them forsake their fields, green with laborious culture, turn their back upon their comfortable dwellings, and fly to the desert, as their brethren have done before them, leaving their lands, guarantied to them by numerous treaties, to the stranger, and seeking, in a distant and barren country, a place to pitch their tent.

Some persons speak of them only to deride them; when they would sketch them with their pen, they leave but a gloomy portraiture of this unfortunate people, who have not been enabled by education, on equal ground, to defend and vindicate themselves. Let him who paints their characters, paint them boldly as he believes them to have existed, and wiser lessons of humanity may be learned from such delineations, drawn by a faithful and fearless hand, at all times guided by a heart full of all charitable allowances, and which does not shrink away in disgust even from guilt and crime, but sympathizes with the sufferings that still so certainly attend them, and values their better and redeeming qualities—than from pictures of human life, whatever may be its estate, painted in an austerer spirit, and darkened with a blacker hue of indignation or grief.

We sometimes speak of the Indians as if they were emigrants, and not fugitives; as if they were passing from the eastern to the western mountain, from the eastern to the western valley, out of their own free will and choice, with the voluntary desire of an emigrant to exchange the rough soil of one region, for the more generous glebe of another. It is not so. It is not emigration; it is flight—it is the urgent flight

of a people fleeing from the hand of extermination and death. When we speak of the disappearance of the savages as being effected by other means than compulsory, we do them injustice. The voluntary emigrant is led away by the imagination of other and more beautiful woods and waters, of a more benign climate, of abundance of deer, fish, fowl, game, and all those delightful images of enjoyment that so readily associate with the idea of the wild and boundless license of new regions—all that restless hope of finding in a new country, and in new views and combinations of things, something that we crave but possess not. Not so with the Indian. He flits from forest to forest, with his face always towards the setting sun, because he knows that the foot of the white man follows fast behind, and that there is no rest for him on the hill, when the valley at its base is in the possession of the civilized stranger. They know that if they sit down and turn up the soil themselves, and build houses and granaries, that the people of that country will come with drawn swords and take their lands from them, and that their *great father*, whose duty it is to protect them, will abandon them to rapine and cruel hardship, in violation of the most sacred obligations.

There is then but one path for them to follow, and that leads through the forests, across the desert, and terminates at the foam of the Pacific. They must not tarry by the way; for what security have they that in whatever pleasant region they may pitch their tents, they will not be overtaken by their persecutors, and again, and again be compelled with shame and confusion of face, to depart, and at length fling themselves into the waves of the sea, whither they cannot be pursued. If their rights are not to be respected, if their treaties are always to be violated, in a country where the wave of civilization flows always towards the west, how is it possible for them to survive the slow but sure deluge, with no sacred ark to bear them up and preserve them from destruction! How have they dwindled away! an ark, a little vessel can now comparatively contain the remnant of a people that once overrun this mighty continent.

It is inhuman to crush what has been severely bruised and is already humbled; to hasten the extermination of a decayed nation, so rapidly travelling "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns." How rapid is the process of their dissolution—how sure their final ruin! Look through the gathered shadows of the past! and behold them numerous on every hill and in every forest! wild, and rudely clad, it is true, but

still free and fearing not the face of man. They had their songs of battle and of feasting then ; they had their terrible wars, and their solemn councils ; the burial of the hatchet, and the smoking of the calumet of peace ; they had their great hunting festivals, their manly games, the hurling of the spear, the shooting of the arrow, and the race with the swift canoe. And behold them again, through the darkness of the future, amid which, though indistinctly, the fancy can trace out some melancholy picture of their probable condition. Behold the inner places of their woods are laid open by the axe, and the light of day shines into the very heart of the forest. Cities occupy the site of the wilderness, and villages are sprinkled along the borders of their rivers. The house of the farmer has succeeded to the Indian cabin, and the modest spire of the little church points upward above the graves of their ancestors. But nowhere is seen the savage. You look along the shore of the Atlantic—but he is not there ; and you cast your eye along the border of the Pacific—but in vain. A few solitary remnants of the nations may indeed remain in desolate places ; a few may have mingled with the whites, and, being incorporated with them, have lost the characteristic features of the race ; but as a separate and independent people they do not exist. It needs but little aid from imagination to behold all this. The same causes that have operated to reduce their numbers and prostrate their vigor, are still urging forward the great process of dissolution, and their extinction seems inevitable. Perhaps, however, a change of policy and treatment on our part may avert this most cruel consummation, and prolong their existence. As a roving and restless people, living upon the precarious produce of the chase, it is easy to predict that they must eventually cease to exist. But when they shake off the rude garments of their wild nature, and assume the simpler manners of society, and make some advances towards civilization, then is there much hope that to them will dawn a brighter and better day,—unless their white brethren interpose their hard laws, to prevent or dash away their prosperity. If it be written that the hand of the pale face shall be always turned against the red man, then farewell to the race of the ancient owners of this land,—for their fate is sealed.

As we have stricken a blow at the very heart of savage freedom, as we have settled down in their lands, and destroyed their game, it is but common humanity to arrest them on their way to extermination, if the means lie within our reach.

And how can this better be effected than by encouraging among them all attempts at civilization. Their haughty spirit has been humbled by many a severe blow, and they can now look upon the customs of peaceful life with composure. The arrow has reached the wing of the eagle in his heavenward flight, and the confinement of his cage has subdued the fire of his eye, and unnerved his pinion, and he may now be domesticated, and tampered with by a child. The Indian is no longer the stern, moody, passionate being that he was. The infernal rage of battle, the fearful fury of revenge, have in a great measure lost their mastery over him. It has been said that their continual converse with woods, rocks and deserts, with the roar of the winds, and the gloom and solitude of the wilderness, their frequent exposure to danger, their uncertain existence, the little hold which their affections seem to have upon life, have all contributed to harden their natures, and make them insensible to the gentle touch of social life. But it is not truly spoken. When he looks around him in the forest, and sees that the deer and the buffaloe have disappeared, he can turn with contentment from the places that can no longer yield him food, to look upon the fruitful fields and laden orchards of the settler, and even wish that such comforts were his.

Let them then, if possible, be civilized, and afterward it will be no difficult matter to Christianize them. When the children are civilized, and instructed in the usages and arts of civilized life, and find that its security and comfort are necessary to their enjoyment, then will the obstacles that have been held by some to be insuperable, rapidly vanish. They must be liberalized. They must early learn to view human life and society in their just light; to consider themselves as essential parts of a whole, the integrity of which is desirable to every component member. Their taste will improve with their understanding, and they will see the beauty of order, while they are convinced of its utility. Thus principled by virtue, and illuminated with knowledge, they will eagerly return, after every deviation, to regular obedience, and to all the functions of citizens; valuing the public peace and prosperity, because they understand clearly that the public happiness is combined with their own. They may infringe upon laws from the imperfection of their nature; but they will return to their obedience without force, having been convinced that no laws are made but such as are necessary to their well-being in society. They will consider laws not as chains and fetters, but as shields for their protection. Let them taste of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and draw from it sustenance and health.

Civilization will go hand in hand with Christianity. The feasibility of Christianizing them has long been doubted. The savage mind is not easily roused into a state of moral activity, and is not at once capable of embracing and understanding the sublime truths and doctrines of religion. It is necessary that letters, arts and religion act together. We have no doubt that judicious measures to effect this end would be successful. They have already an indistinct conception of a Great Spirit—a Manito,—who governs the world, and who is attended by his subordinate agents. They have their spirit who presides over the river, the spirit of the pool and of the lake; the spirit of the tree and of the wilderness. If then they have thus been instructed by the voice of Nature, to pay their adoration to imaginary spirits presiding over the natural objects around them, why may not the voice of Revelation utter to them the sublime truths of a much more elevated religion! The attempts of the old French Missionaries to Christianize them were quite successful, and many of the northern Indians still retain some of the signs and symbols of the Catholic religion. Silver crosses delivered to them a century ago by Jesuit priests, are still preserved and worn, and they profess a great veneration for them. This religion, so imposing in its splendid ceremonies and external signs, appears to have had great attraction for their rude minds; but when a more generous portion of knowledge is distributed to them by those whose duty it is so to do, then will the most lofty precepts of religion fall to the share of all.

But is it not visionary and useless to devise means for making amends to the Indians for injustice done them, by ameliorating their condition, when we look to the south, and see a civilized and Christianized tribe of Indians, about to be driven away from their comfortable homes and possessions, once more into the wilderness, and not an arm put forth to save them. Shall we not at some not far distant day, when we speak of the Goddess of Indian freedom, say of her, in the language of Campbell, that she—

—“Found not a generous friend, or pitying foe,
Strength in her arm, nor mercy in her wo;
Dropped from her nerveless grasp, the shattered spear
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career!”

I. M.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

I stood upon a battle field—
The strife of war was o'er,
But many a horse ran masterless,
With sides all bathed in gore.
And dying men and dying steeds
Were thickly scattered round ;—
And blood-pools from their gaping wounds
Lay clotted on the ground.

And many a wounded limb was thrown
Despairingly on high,
And gory heads were lifted up
To sink again—and die.
And prayers were heard—amid the pause
Of thick and struggling breath—
That God would hasten on the steps
Of the destroyer—Death !

And oft from out that carnage heap
A laugh broke on the air—
The thrilling laugh of dying men
Disturbed the sufferer's prayer.
And then was heard the dying steed—
His last, unearthly cries,
When trampling on the dying—dead—
He stumbles—struggles—dies !

I saw a stately steed rush on,
His fetlocks thick with gore,
And crush a dying man :—a cry—
A gasp—and all was o'er !
I saw a bird with bloody beak
Light on a youthful breast,
While throbbing yet with agony—
And make its evening feast !

Come forth unto the battle field,
Ye mighty conquerors—
Come forth amid the dead and view
This bloody work of yours !
Ay, drop your glance, and bend your knees,
And let your boasting cease—
Then cast ambition far away,
And pray aloud for peace !

C. P. I.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE are told that we grow grave—here—at our own Table. This old gentleman and that young one, and many a pleasant voice that dates from Heaven-knows-where-between—(parish registers are obsolete) tell us in our ear that we are getting dismally respectable and sober. Our Table, they say, is no longer a symposium for the large family of *Poco-curantes*. We make no man laugh—no woman sit still, perusing,—latterly. The charge is a heavy one, Messieurs, but, looking back on our two or three last computations with you, we can but acknowledge that it is true. We will look a little into the philosophy of it, and so mend.

The first thing one does when he is told he is altered for better or worse, is to drop his face to its simple complexion, and look in the glass. That reflecting gentleman leans against the wall just over our left shoulder. We consult him with some difficulty, being of a plethoric habit, with a head not easily turned—(It was not so once.) So—there we are—hugely red in the face with the contortion—but, if we see fairly, the same short, fat, apoplectic, gentlemanly person, with an expression of the same unctuous, benevolent good nature, (we flatter ourself so far) and the same protruding, spacious philosophic eye—just as we looked (a trifle fatter, perhaps, by the tailor's measure) when we first bowed round to you at our first open table. “Altered,” say you? Call you that face altered? Was that constant smile ever more genial—that Alderman-like chin ever more majestically double—that Slawkenbergius nose ever more vinous than now? We appeal from the judgment!

Grave, we certainly have been, notwithstanding. And it is because, (we have a theory on this subject with which we propose some day to enlighten the world) principally because we are inwardly gayer. Content is solemn. She is (or ought to be) painted as a middle-aged woman, plump and serious, with smooth hair, and affecting older company. There are no people for staid and orderly demeanor, like men “well-to-do-in-the-world.” To thrive is to grow slightly melancholy. A desperate man, young or old, will make himself merry with the world—for he owes it no favor, and he cares not to consult its humor. “*Nihil est, nihil deest*,” is the sum and substance of philosophy. But patronise him—let him take himself into favor for the grace you do him—and he straightway forswears sack and gets dignified. It has spoiled many a good wit. Our

friend of the Courier is a sad sufferer by this necessity. Who so brilliant—who so careless of other men's beards—who so independent of a 'cocked thumb,' as the quondam editor of the Galaxy? Now, he has prospered and grown respectable in the Courier, and you may moralize upon his skull as the Prince of Denmark did on Yorick's: "Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen?"

So far, the sin of gravity may lie on our own shoulders—but no farther. We have grown so in a measure upon compulsion. Every man has his whimsies, and ours is to love dogs, birds, and abusive editors.* Of the last class, Mr. Buckingham is our present pet, and the main cause of our sometime past solemnity. We leave it to any guest at our Table, if "L. E. L." was not "a gentleman-like dog." When did he ever "step me to a trencher, and steal a capon's leg?" Yet did Mr. Buckingham refuse to sit at our Table till he was whipped out, and Ugolino followed from sympathy, and our magnificent South American trulian—bird of a thousand—has never sung since he looked into his cage. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* To be sure, Launce loved his dog Crab better than we ours. We have never "sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen when otherwise he had been executed," nor "stood in the pillory for geese he hath killed, when otherwise he had suffered for it;" but we have a sensible affection for him for all that, and our humor was roiled by his proscription.

You see how it stands, now, dear Reader. If you would have us merry, stop your Magazine, imprimis, (you may defer that extremity if you please till we have tried awhile—perhaps we can be merry without it.) And in the next place, procure Mr. Buckingham's death, and let us raise the — in our own way. We are beginning to think that to laugh is the only true Wisdom. It is of no use to stand upon ceremony with Sadness. He is too importunate! Elbow him out before familiarity with his black face makes him necessary. You can spare him, be sure of it—and if he swears Truth cannot live without him, give him the lie. "*Quamvis ridentem, dicere verum quid vetat.*" It is an axiom as old as Democritus.

The streets and the newspapers are full of snow. Mr. Buckingham (we breakfast on toast and the Courier always)

* We would honor several of this class with a particular notice, but Mr. Buckingham being the only wit, and quite the only gentleman among them, he shall stand for the whole. "*Qui regem erudit, omnes etiam subditos erudit.*"

says that "people can see each other across the street from the chamber windows"—and that is true. But what a pleasant variety it makes in one's walk to the Post Office! It is as good as a transmigration. We would pay a tithe of our living to have the complexion of this every day world so changed weekly. How refreshing to the eye it is! The black, unsightly pavement, every stone of which you know with as curst a particularity as the chinks in the back of your fireplace, covered with white. The heavy-wheeled carts, which the day before shook the ground under you, and split your ears with their merciless noise, replaced by sleds with musical bells, driven swiftly and skilfully past. The smoked houses with their provokingly regular windows and mean doors, that have disturbed the sentiment of grace in your fancy every walk you have taken for months, all laden, and tipped, and frosted into lines and surfaces of beauty; faultless icicles hanging from the eaves of the shutters, and sparkling crystals of snow edging every projecting stone—magic could not exceed it! If the horn of Astolpho had been blown from the cupola of the state-house, and the whole city had run mad, things could not have looked more strangely new and delightful. And the sleighing—other people like it, and for their sake we bless Providence for another item. We like it ourself—for the first mile. But with the loss of sensation in our feet and hands, we have a trick of growing very unhappy. We are content after one ride, with seeing a sleigh through a parlor window.

Eight o'clock—how merrily the sleigh bells ring to-night! One comes in hearing as another is lost, and the loud laughing and merry voices of the gay riders come up to our retired room in the veriest contrast to our own quiet occupation. How more than solitude it separates one from humanity, to live in the midst of the gay world and take no part in its enjoyments! An eremite in the crowd is the only contented solitary. In the midst of the heaviest sadness the heart feels in this wretched world, the form of distant Pleasure is beautiful. We must live near that treacherous dame to know how Sorrows lurk in her shadow. Break down the imagination as you will, and bind it by the most relentless memories to your sick heart, it will steal away to scenes you had thought forgotten, and come back fired with their false beauty, to tempt you to try their winning flatteries once more. It is only by knowing that you can call Gayety at any moment to your side, that you can quite forget it; and the studious tenant of a garret, to whose solitude the mingled murmur of a city comes constantly up—who can abandon his books whenever

the fancy takes him, for the crowd, and enter and throng on with it after its fleeting lure, is the only man who, with youth and the common gifts of Providence, can heartily despise it.

And he—if contrast is, (as who will deny that has followed after the impossible Spirit of Contentment, till hope is dead within him)—if contrast is, we say, the only bliss in life—then does he, the scholar in the crowd, live with a most excellent wisdom. He is roused from communion with a spirit whose immortal greatness has outlived twenty generations, by the passing mirth of a fool whose best deed will not live in the world's memory an hour. He sits and pores upon an eternal truth, or fires his fancy with heavenly poetry, or winds about him the enchantments of truth-woven fiction, or searches the depths of his own sufficient heart for the sublime wisdom of human nature, and from the very midst he is plucked back to this every day world, and compelled to the use of faculties in which a brute animal equals or surpasses him! One moment following the employment of an angel,* the next, contending with meanness and cunning for his daily bread—now kindled to rapture with some new form of beauty, and now disgusted to loathing with some new developed and unredeemable† baseness in his fellow-men. What contrast is there like this? Who knows so well as a scholar the true sweetness of surprise?—the delightful and only spice of this otherwise contemptible life—*novel sensation*?

SIR THOMAS BROWN! we owe thee for much of that precious drug, forgetfulness! How many, many hours have we lain on that broad sofa, feasting on thy redolent and quaint dissertations, while devils of the deepest blue watched for our halting! How often have we cheated our aching head of consciousness, and lifted the dull leaden weight pressing over our eyes, with pleasant remembrances of thy romantic Urn-burials and thy good-humored, cheerful discussions of the many ways of disposing of this cumbrous tenement we presently occupy! How many treacheries of “dear friends” have we consigned to oblivion—how many nameless sicknesses of heart, how much weariness, and fever, and ill-temper have we put to sleep—poring over thy curious speculations, and smiling at thy solemn and lenient refutation of “Vulgar Errors!” We would we had thee to read over again anew! That old worm-eaten, time-stained quarto, “printed for Edward Dod,” has grown

* The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
In love and worship blends itself with God.” SHELLEY.

† Qui sordidus est, sordescat adhuc. ANTIGONUS.

almost too familiar. We fear we have done with thee for some years to come ; but when they have gone by, if we cumber this sad world so long, we will read thee again—we trust, with a fresh memory—meantime stealing a page or two for our friends, to make them and thee better acquainted.

We could do you few pleasanter favors, dear Reader, than lending you the old book lying open before us. It is full of quaintness and solid learning, and that most amusing of all reading, wise trifling. The propriety of “fostering hair upon the moles of the face,” is discussed with as much gravity as the “source of the Nile.” There is a chapter upon “sitting cross-legged,” and upon the “wholesomeness of being drunk once a month,” and upon “smoke following the fairest,” and upon the “good luck of wearing coral ;” and allowing much reason to those who think otherwise, he doubts “whether children left to themselves would naturally speak Hebrew,” and “whether lights burn dim at the apparition of spirits.” It requires some “assuefaction,” (to use one of his own words, which by the way, is much wanted in common use) to like his inverted and peculiar style ; but we will take out a passage or two, as they stand, to show the grave consideration in which he holds other men’s opinions. The following occurs in a chapter on the practice of saying “God bless you,” to a man sneezing:—

“Concerning sternutation or sneezing, and the custom of saluting or blessing upon that motion, it is pretended, and generally believed to derive its original from a disease wherein sternutation proved mortal, and such as sneezed died. And this may seem to be proved from Carolus Sigonius, who, in his history of Italy, makes mention of a pestilence in the time of Gregory the Great, that proved pernicious and deadly to those that sneezed. There is also in the Greek Anthology a remarkable mention hereof in an epigram upon one Proclus:—

‘Proclus with his hand his nose can never wipe,
His hand too little is his nose to gripe ;
He sneezing calls not Jove, for why ? he hears
Himself not sneeze, the sound’s so far from’s ears.’

“Now the ground of this ancient custom was probably the opinion the ancients held of sternutation, which they generally conceived to be a good sign or a bad, and so upon this motion accordingly used a *salve* as a gratulation for the one and a deprecation from the other. Now of the ways whereby they enquired and determined its signal, the first was natural, arising from physical causes, and consequences oftentimes naturally succeeding this motion, and so it might be esteemed a good sign. For sneezing being properly a motion of the brain, suddenly expelling through the nostrils what is offensive unto it, it cannot but afford some evidence of its vigor, and therefore saith Aristotle, they that hear it, honor it as somewhat sacred, and a sign of sanity in the diviner part ; and this he illustrates from the practice of physicians, who, in persons near death,

do use sternutatories, or such medicines as provoke unto sneezing ; when if the faculty arise and sternutation ensueth, they conceive hopes of life, and with gratulation receive the signs of safety.

“ The second way was superstitious and augurial, as Cælius Rodiginus hath illustrated in testimonies, as ancient as Theocritus and Homer, as appears from the Athenian master, who would have retired because a boatman sneezed ; and the testimony of Austin, *that the ancients were wont to go to bed again if they sneezed while they put on their shoe.* And in this way it was also of good and bad signification ; so Aristotle hath a problem why sneezing from noon unto midnight was good, but from night to noon unlucky. So Eustathius upon Homer observes, that sneezing to the left hand was unlucky, but prosperous unto the right ; so, as Plutarch relateth when Themistocles sacrificed in his galley before the battle of Xerxes, and one of the assistants upon the right hand sneezed ; Euphrantides the soothsayer, presaged the victory of the Greeks, and the overthrow of the Persians.”

The following discussion of the manner of Cleopatra's death, will amuse the curious :—

“ The picture concerning the death of Cleopatra with two asps or venomous serpents unto her arms, or breasts, or both, requires consideration : for therein (beside that this variety is not excusable) the thing itself is questionable ; nor is it indisputably certain what manner of death she died. Plutarch in the life of Antony plainly delivereth, that no man knew the manner of her death ; for some affirmed she perished by poison, which she always carried in a little hollow comb, and wore it in her hair. Beside, there were never any asps discovered in the place of her death, although two of her maids perished also with her ; only it was said, two small and almost insensible pricks were found upon her arm ; which was all the ground that Cæsar had to presume the manner of her death. Galen, who was contemporary unto Plutarch, delivereth two ways of her death ; that she killed herself by the bite of an asp, or bit an hole in her arm, and poured poison therein. Strabo that lived before them both, had also two opinions ; that she died by the bite of an asp, or else a poisonous ointment.

“ We might question the length of the asps, which are sometimes described exceeding short ; whereas the Chersæa or land-asp which most conceive she used, is above four cubits long. Their number is not unquestionable ; for whereas there are generally two described, Augustus, (as Plutarch relateth) did carry in his triumph the image of Cleopatra, but with one asp unto her arm. As for the two pricks or little spots in her arm, they rather infer the sex than plurality : for like the viper, the female asp hath four, but the male two teeth ; whereby it left this impression or double puncture behind it.

“ And lastly, we might question the place ; for some apply them unto her breast, which notwithstanding will not consist with the history ; and Petus Victorius hath well observed the same. But herein the mistake was easy, it being the custom in capital malefactors to apply them unto the breast, as the author *De Therica ad Pisonem* an eye-witness hereof in Alexandria, where Cleopatra died, determineth : I beheld, saith he, in Alexandria, how suddenly these serpents bereave a man of life : for when any one is condemned to this kind of death, if they intend to use him favorably, that is, to dispatch him suddenly, they fasten an asp unto his breast ; and bidding him walk about, he presently perisheth thereby.”

Several common superstitions are thus spoken of :—

“The falling of salt is an authentic presagement of ill-luck, nor can every temper condemn it; from whence notwithstanding, nothing can be naturally feared; nor was the same a general prognostic of future evil among the ancients, but a particular omination concerning the breach of friendship. For salt, as incorruptible, was the symbol of friendship, and before the other service was offered unto their guests; which if it casually fell, was accounted ominous, and their amity of no duration. But whether salt were not only a symbol of friendship with man, but also a figure of amity reconciliation with God, and was therefore observed in sacrifices, is an higher speculation.”

“To break the egg-shell after the meat is out, we are taught in our childhood, and practice it all our lives; which nevertheless is but a superstitious relict; according to the judgment of Pliny, *Huc pertinet ovorum, ut exrobuerit quisque, calices protinus frangi, aut eosdem coclearibus perforari*; and the intent hereof was to prevent witchcraft; for lest witches should draw or prick their names therein, and veneficiously mischief their persons, they broke the shell, as Dalecampius hath observed.”

“The true lover's knot is very much magnified, and still retained in presents of love among us; which, though in all points it doth not make out, had perhaps its original from Nodus Herculanus, or that which is called Hercules his knot, resembling the snaky complication in the caduceus or rod of Hermes; and in which form the zone or woollen girdle of the bride was fastened, as Turdebus observeth in his *Adversaria*.”

“When our cheek burneth or ear tingleth, we usually say that somebody is talking of us, which is an ancient conceit, and ranked among superstitious opinions by Pliny; which is a conceit hardly to be made out without the concession of a signifying genius, or universal Mercury, conducting sounds unto their distant subjects, and teaching us to hear by touch.”

“When we desire to confine our words, we commonly say they are spoken under the rose, which expression is commendable, if the rose from any natural property may be the symbol of silence, and is also tolerable if by desiring a secrecy to words spoke under the rose, we only mean in society and compotation, from the ancient custom in symposiac meetings, to wear chaplets of roses about their heads; and so we condemn not the German custom, which over the table describeth a rose in the feeling. But more considerable it is, if the original were such as Lemnius, and others have recorded; that the rose was the flower of Venus, which Cupid consecrated unto Harpocrates, the god of silence, and was therefore an emblem thereof.”

“The set and statary times of paring of nails, and cutting of hair, is thought by many a point of consideration; which is perhaps but a continuation of an ancient superstition. For piaculous it was unto the Romans to pare their nails upon the *Nundinae*, observed every ninth day; and was also feared by others in certain days of the week; according to that of Ausonius, *Ungues, Mercurio, Barbam, Jove, Cypride Crines*; and was one part of the wickedness that filled up the measure of Manasses, when 'tis delivered that he observed times.”

“Many conceive there is somewhat amiss, and that as we usually say, they are unblest until they put on their girdle. Wherein (although most know not what they say,) there are involved unknown considerations. For by a girdle or cincture are symbolically implied Truth, Resolution, and readiness unto action, which are parts and virtues required in the

service of God. Moreover, by the girdle the heart and parts which God requires are divided from the inferior and epithumetical organs; implying thereby a memento unto purification and cleanness of heart, which is commonly defiled from the concupiscent and affection of those parts; and therefore unto this day the Jews do bless themselves when they put on their zone or cincture."

We cannot take up an old book without being struck with the sociable, kind-hearted warmth towards the reader which the author everywhere exhibits. There is none of that captiousness, and coldness, that cautious suppression of personal enthusiasm that marks modern writers. It is a sad change in literature. It has made it a cold, indifferent abstraction, instead of a genial and kindly art. "In times of old," says Coleridge, "books were as religious oracles; as literature advanced, they next became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and as their numbers increased they sank still lower, to that of entertaining companions; and, at present, they seem degraded into culprits to hold up their hands at the bar of every self-elected judge who chooses to write from humor or interest, vanity or arrogance."

CONTINUING our sketches of American Poets, we would say a well-weighed word, if possible, of Mr. Pierpont. The sacredness of this gentleman's office, and the devotion of his poetical talents to sacred themes, rebuke within us the licentious spirit of criticism, and we almost feel that we are overstepping modesty in running our profane fingers over his harp. We shall touch it with reverence, however, and if we do not succeed in brightening its strings, we may at least remove the slime of the reptile who has lately defiled them.

The most graceful link of poetry is that which connects it with the ministry of religion. How beautiful it was in Heber! He was honored and revered for his enterprise and his lofty devotion—but he was *loved* for his poetry. There seems to us a peculiar affinity between the two. The elevation, and refinement, and pathos of poetry, are the very soil in which religion flourishes the fairest. And what mine for poetry is half as rich as Scripture, and what material and spirit for the gentlest and loftiest imaginations are like those of the heart's sacred experience, and its heavenly connection and reliance! *Ceteris paribus*, a devout man will write far better than a profane. Ben Jonson says in his Dedication to Volpone, "If men will impartially and not asquint look towards the offices and functions of a true poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being a great poet with-

out being first a good man." The final appeal of excellence in poetry, however the intellect may scrutinize its outside, is made to the heart. And nothing touches the heart that is not true to its nature, and still nothing touches it, (we are but one step from heresy here,) that is not pure and lovely.

Mr. Pierpont is hardly a "poet professed," though he has written a book. The *Airs of Palestine*, and occasional hymns are all he has spared from his graver labors. What he has done, however, is modelled upon the severe school of poetry—warmer and richer somewhat, but still with an eye to that standard which Byron thought the true one, though he had not followed it—the school of Pope and Rogers. The mechanism of his verse is more spirited than that of most others who write by the same rule. In his hymns particularly, there is a freedom and force almost triumphant. The *Airs of Palestine* are written with a subdued, mellow sweetness, varied occasionally by a dash of luxuriance in the descriptions. The following passages are specimens of finished poetry:—

"No, no—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine :
Greece, and her charms, I leave, for Palestine.
There, purer streams through happier valleys flow,
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm ;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm ;
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews ;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse :
In Carmel's holy grotts I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch, with Sharon's deathless rose."

* * * * *

"The night was moonless:—Judah's shepherds kept
Their starlight watch : their flocks around them slept.
To heaven's blue fields their wakeful eyes were turned,
And to the fires that there eternal burned.
Those azure regions had been peopled long,
With Fancy's children by the sons of song :
And there, the simple shepherd, conning o'er
His humble pittance of Chaldean lore,
Saw, in the stillness of a starry night,
The Swan and Eagle wing their silent flight ;
And, from their spangled pinions, as they flew,
On Israel's vales of verdure shower the dew :
Saw there, the brilliant gems, that nightly flare,
In the thin mist of Berenicé's hair ;
And there, Boötes roll his lucid wain,
On sparkling wheels along the etherial plain ;
And there, the Pleiades, in tuneful gyre,
Pursue forever the star-studded Lyre ;
And there, with bickering lash, heaven's Charioteer
Urge round the Cynosure his bright career.

"While thus the shepherds watched the host of night,
 O'er heaven's blue concave flashed a sudden light.
 The unrolling glory spread its folds divine,
 O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine ;
 And lo ! descending angels, hovering there,
 Stretched their loose wings, and in the purple air,
 Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold :—
 When that high anthem, clear, and strong, and bold
 On wavy paths of trembling ether ran :
 'Glory to God ;—benevolence to man ;—
 Peace to the world ;'—and in full concert came,
 From silver tubes and harps of golden frame,
 The loud and sweet response, whose coral strains
 Lingered and languished on Judea's plains.
 Yon living lamps, charmed from their chambers blue,
 By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew :
 All?—all but one, that hung and burned alone,
 And with mild lustre over Bethlehem shone.
 Chaldea's sages saw that orb afar,
 Glow unextinguished ;—'twas Salvation's Star."

* * * * *

"What though no Cherubim are here displayed,
 No gilded walls, no cedar colonnade,
 No crimson curtains hang around our quire,
 Wrought by the ingenious artisan of Tyre ;
 No doors of fir on golden hinges turn ;
 No spicy gums in golden censers burn ;
 No frankincense, in rising volumes, shrouds
 The fretted roof in aromatic clouds ;
 No royal minstrel from his ivory throne,
 Gives thee his father's numbers or his own ;—
 If humble love, if gratitude inspire,
 Our strain shall silence even the temple's quire,
 And rival Michael's trump, nor yield to Gabriel's lyre.

"In what rich harmony, what polished lays,
 Should man address thy throne, when Nature pays
 Her wild, her tuneful tribute to the sky !
 Yes, Lord, she sings thee, but she knows not why.
 The fountain's gush, the long resounding shore,
 The zephyr's whisper, and the tempest's roar,
 The rustling leaf, in autumn's fading woods,
 The wintry storm, the rush of vernal floods,
 The summer's bower, by cooling breezes fanned,
 The torrent's fall, by dancing rainbows spanned,
 The streamlet, gurgling through its rocky glen,
 The long grass, sighing o'er the graves of men,
 The bird that crests yon dew-bespangled tree,
 Shakes his bright plumes, and trills his descant free,
 The scorching bolt that from thine armory hurled,
 Burns its red path, and cleaves a shrinking world ;
 All these are music to Religion's ear ;—
 Music, thy hand awakes, for man to hear.
 Thy hand invested in their azure robes,

Thy breath made buoyant yonder circling globes,
That bound and blaze along the elastic wires,
That viewless vibrate on celestial lyres,
And in that high and radiant concave tremble,
Beneath whose dome adoring hosts assemble,
To catch the notes, from those bright spheres that flow,
Which mortals dream of, but which angels know."

We do not like this *manner* of poetry ourself, but we are told that we shall grow to like it in time. We have qualified our admiration of Mr. Sprague with the same objection, though we confess we read his pentameters now with more gust than we did when we criticised them. There is, and there must be, a stiffness in this monotonous measure, and, prophets to the contrary notwithstanding, we do not think fire could burn that opinion out of us.

There are several professional men who, we wish would write more poetry, and Mr. Pierpont is one of them. Mr. Ware, too, has written very delightfully, and Mr. Doane's Lines on the "Death of Bishop Ravenscroft," are unsurpassed in that style, and Mr. Crosswell, though he makes not the slightest pretension to the name, has written enough to prove him a poet, and a true one. We rejoice always to see poetry from the hand of a clergyman. His duty to his character, if his heart does not, warrants it pure, and we are convinced that while nothing relieves the severe mental labor of the office so essentially, nothing, at the same time, so much as poetical taste, infuses a grace into the delivery of its great errand.

A COUPLE of delightful things from the Romaic have fallen into our hands, translated, we presume, by Charles Sheridan. This is exceedingly pretty:—

May came at length—sweet dewy May,
The loveliest month of all;
And then the foreign guest prepared
To seek his father's hall.

He bound rich housings round his steed,
He shod his feet by night;
With silver bars and golden nails
That Arab's hoofs were bright.

And round the conscious courser's neck
A costly bridle hung,
More fit to grace a beauty's brow,
With pearls profusely strung.

The maid, whose love was hid till then
Within her throbbing breast,
Gazed fondly on the face and form
Of that departing guest.

With torch and cup in either hand,
 She strove to cheer his parting ;
 But still with every draught she filled,
 Rebellious tears were starting.

Love burst at length ; " Oh ! bear me hence,
 And let me live with thee ;
 Prepare thy meal, and strew thy couch,
 And, near, a couch for me."

" Where I am bound thou must not trust
 Those unprotected charms ;
 There none but mailed men can go,
 And brethren sworn in arms."

" Then give me warlike weeds like theirs—
 A steed like those which bear
 The dauntless youths of Frankistaun ;
 Oh ! grant me what they wear.

Unwearied I will tread thy path,
 A page to bear thy sword ;
 But only take me hence with thee,
 Thou loved, though cruel lord !"

The other is more singular :—

THE LOVER'S LAST DIRECTIONS.

" Come quick when told that I am sick,
 Or thou wilt come in vain ;
 Observe the words I tell thee now,
 And we may meet again.

Remember ! when thy trembling steps
 Have past the outer gate,
 Dearest ! unplait thy braided locks,
 Ere told thy lover's fate.

Then, if my weeping mother says—
 ' He slumbers in his bed,'
 Go, smooth my pillow with thy hands,
 And lift my languid head.

Let me still feel that loved support,
 Till life's last spark has flown—
 Wait till you see the priest is robed,
 And hear his awful tone ;

Then, dearest ! give my withered lips
 A cold and holy kiss ;
 When four young friends support my corse,
 Dearest, remember this,

Throw stones against that mournful group;
And when they pass thy door,
Clip every tress that was thy pride
And my delight before.

And when they lay me in the church,
As fluttering captives tear
Their plumage, robbed of all their young,
So pluck thy silken hair.

And when the burial chant is hushed,
The holy tapers dim,
Gaze on thy lover's grave, and feel
E'en there thou art with him.

How much excellent poetry now-a-days goes by unmarked—quite thrown away on periodicals. Fifty, twenty, ten years ago, a single smart effusion distinguished the author at once. Nothing was written that had not its full award of notice and desert—at least of criticism. *Now*, poetry, fugitive poetry, is as quietly handed over to a certain river, as an advertisement, or a bill of the play. We feel uncomfortably, sometimes, at publishing a good thing sent to us. It is copied for a fortnight, perhaps, in one or two judicious papers, and who hears of it more. Here is a Hymn, now—a bold, clear, massy hymn—full of force, and majesty, and grace—written on the Eclipse. It is too good to die. It is too fine to be thrown upon such a raft on the stream, as a modern Magazine. We publish it, nevertheless, and we trust the author will write more and republish it in a volume:—

HYMN.

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations. The sun
MILTON.

Gloom, deeper gloom! as on that awful day
When the archangel, 'mid the tempest's roar,
Shall roll like molten glass the sky away,
And swear by Heaven that time shall be no more!

O Thou! that far beyond that starry sky,
Omniscient and invisible—alone—
Thy glances piercing through eternity,
Sittest in glory on thy jasper throne;

Thou that created all, and canst command;
Thou that the depths of night and chaos broke;
That heav'st, as rain-drops, oceans in thy hand;
That touchest mountains and their summits smoke;

Monarch of monarchs! whose unbounded power
Extendeth far beyond our finite thought,

Who, in a twinkling, can in wrath devour
The worlds that in a twinkling thou hast wrought ;—

Hearken to us ! although ungrateful, we,
Like prodigals, have wandered far astray ;
Have in our pride of heart forgotten Thee—
Forgotten virtue's everlasting way !

Because from out his eastern chamber starts,
With quenchless light and unabated force,
The red-haired giant—whose proud looks are darts
Of living fire—rejoicing in his course,—

Because the pale-eyed moon, with silver smile,
Walks forth in beauty through the evening dim,
Shorn of her beams, with fainter light the while,
That round her path the constellations swim,—

Because the stars look down through night's dim veil,
And o'er our slumbers shed their crystal beams,
As soft as Beauty's eye at Sorrow's tale—
While the dim Past is peopled with our dreams,—

Because with regular pulse the ocean throbs,
Covering and leaving wastes of yellow sand,—
Because stern Winter yields, with tears and sobs,
To green-robed Spring the sceptre of the land,—

Because thou giv'st us from thy liberal hand
Raiment, and food, and friends, and health—and all
We ask or can enjoy—our hearts expand,
And into pride and foul rebellion fall !

Forgive us ! oh, forgive us ! Father hear
Thy children in *this hour* ! with faces prone,
And bosoms throbbing with a doubtful fear,
And folded hands, we bow before thy throne !

Light breaks upon the solitary sky,
And from its sullen breast, like phantom ships,
Silence and Twilight sail inaudibly—
The muffled orb moves from its "dim eclipse !" "

And now his wan and ghastly splendors rain
Upon the broken clouds, in many a fold
Around, like pillars of a ruined Fane,
Earthquaked by Time, in awful wildness rolled !

Glad nature triumphs now ! the golden sun
Leaps from his pall, and o'er the smiling earth
Reviving lustre scatters ;—hearts are done
With pallid fear, and filled with sacred mirth !

Yet let not unobserved and unimproved
This hour of solemn warning pass us by,

Flee, and from memory ever be removed,
Like the thin clouds that paint an April sky :—

But, graven on the heart, oh ! may it bring
High thoughts and pure to guard us on our way,
Till all the murky shades that round us spring,
Sleep in the light of an eternal day.

February 12, 1831.

A. A. L.

WE have been Burke-mad like the rest of the world, and were about venting our enthusiasm in a lucid interval, when a friend handed in the following. We do not know that we should have been so violent ourself—but to all who have seen the Roscius, extravagance will be excusable :—

“For years there has been no such theatrical excitement in the city as for the last fortnight. ‘Open Sesame’ is announced from the box-office at 10 o’clock A. M.; and within five minutes from that time every seat is engaged. A man must have the valor of Don Quixotte and the arm of O’Brien to fight his way to the slide window. If he gets back to the entrance, even then, with his hat on his head, and his head on his shoulders, he may cross himself with one hand, (after crossing the threshold,) and grasping his tickets with the other, flee before the wind like an antelope. It reminds us of the rush after Betty in London. It was so at the old Federal Theatre in the days of Cooke; and again at the advent of Kean, when boys were let down by ropes from the eaves of the box-office to the window, for tickets. *Sic itur ad astra!*”

Be Mephistopheles now for a moment, and look down with me through the Tremont roof. See how the house is crammed to its pinnacle, by people of all ages, colors, sorts, sizes, kindred and tongues, who will sit here till eleven—and the curtain not yet raised. Sit did I say? See them stretch themselves out there from the slips. Look at that gaping countryman in the pit: they have crowded him so unconscionably on the orchestra, that Granger has knocked two of his teeth out with his elbow. Oh luckless damsel! turn your eye upon her there in the dress-circle. They have given her so little room she is forced to fold her arms like a skewered woodcock’s; the barbarians—see—her combs start on end—her flowers drop—her curls fall—she has grown instantaneously bald with affright—poor damsel! The very lobbies overflow. See how the living current pulsates back and forth, as the act-drop rises and falls, from the auricles of the box-windows to the venticles of the saloon. Now observe those lawless purchasers of checks shooting up stairs, like salmon up a cataract: they have thrust open the baize-covered door, and are lost in the flood. It is the interval between the pieces—saunter with me into the saloon—let us politely look over the shoulders of the loungers, who are barbarously sipping coffee on the sofas,* and brushing up their hair at the mirrors. We may get something of their conversation. What an elegant figure! says a lady. What a superb eye! says another. And now for the anti-strophe on all sides. How pathetic in the caper upon the hogshead—ad-

* “Sipping coffee on the sofas!” Dii! Dii! That slander be on your own head, Mr. Contributor!
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mirable dying scene! Sampson Agonistes, what legs! and such a brogue—such a swagger—in Romeo!—and the hornpipe—so appropriate in Shylock! What Richard ever fenced so—with a wisp of straw and a pitchfork. A tone like a flageolet—the head of Jupiter—the nimbleness of Three-fingered Jack—the arm of Ostinelli—the voice of Sontag—and ‘Vive Napoleon,’ cries a Frenchman, ‘voila le Petit corporal!’ But the curtain is up.

And who then is this favorite? Of whose beauty are the boxes enamored? Why do those people shout so, during the overture, till not only the leading violin, but the French-horn and the bass-viol cannot be heard. On whom is this glittering broadside of opera-glasses levelled from the second row? Ah! whom is it kindly to encourage, that the very gods (black, white, and gray) indicate silent delight from the upper shades, by a semi-circle of eyes and ivory nebulae, like the milky way? It is Master Burke, says one of a group at my elbow—the admired Burke—the young Irish Roscius—the Eighth Wonder—the Prodigy!

Master Burke is now nearly twelve years of age, and may possibly weigh 75 pounds. He is slender, but elegantly formed, with the arm and leg of Belvidere Apollo, a clear blond complexion, light straight hair cut close to his head, a fine forehead, and a brilliant blue eye. His bodily activity, in the hornpipe and the management of the violin, for example, is equalled only by his grace. This is exquisite, and so observable in every posture and gesture, that it would seem impossible for him to be awkward; Kemble was not more a master of attitude. And yet Garrick was not more natural;—everything is unstudied, instinctive. As to his enunciation, nothing more distinct, diversified or musical, can be conceived of. He has not only been taught well, whatever may be taught and learned; but nature, sparing him nothing, has given him a voice sweeter than the Persian lute; and so powerful and clear, withal, (though not very deep,) as to convey every syllable to every ear of a thousand. Such are his physical gifts. As for his minor accomplishments, his dancing, his execution upon the violin, the invariable elegance and ease of his manners, his singularly nice ear, his original composition of music, though neither should be admired alone, how astonishing are they all—in a mere child—using them as if he were born with them, yet exhibiting and seconding in every department of the drama, the conceptions of a manly and wonderful intellect.

Master Burke's Shylock and Richard would do honor to any veteran of the buskin. His reading is complete; and his self-possession, his dignity, his readiness of tact, his bye-play, his perfect delivery, can hardly be surpassed. He wants only size, strength, compass of voice, and power of muscular expression, to place himself among the first tragedians of the day.

But at present, comedy and still more farce, is undoubtedly his forte. It agrees better with the *child's* animal spirits; and it wearies him less by requiring less, or at least pleasanter study. It gives him, too, a thousand modes of expressing his humor, which the nature of tragedy denies him. He indulges in an infinite variety of comic tone, look, attitude, dress, gesture and gait. But this is not done wantonly nor indiscriminately, not as a child nor a mere drilled actor, but with an exact and chaste adaptedness to his character. Nothing can be more different than the glee of the old Bachelor Handy at getting rid of his supposed wife, from the knavish delight of McTwolter, slipping the chair from under his new master—not

anything more natural than either. He distinguishes equally well the self-complaisance of the music-master and the jollity of the British tar: the triumph of Gloster, and the horrible joy of Shylock whetting his knife.

Master Burke's last and best character, we have yet to mention. It is Burke unbuckled and unwigged, in his plain jacket and trowsers, standing on the front of the stage at his music book, with an eye and an arm, which no silence and no thunders of indecorous praise can divert for an instant from their intricate and difficult task. It is Burke, at the end of the overture, the object of this enormous ecstasy, the focus of these semi-circles of splendid eyes, bowing meekly to them all, with his hand on his heart, and a boy's blush on the face of the no longer musician.

Lastly, it is Burke—the comedian, tragedian, musician—Burke, the prodigy—*cast* upon a hand-sled. The young Roscius enters into the use of this undignified article with a spirit that does one's heart good. His father looked a long time for him, the other afternoon, to dress in the Merchant of Venice. It was growing dusk, but Shylock was not to be seen. He was at last found coasting, with a corps of playmates about him, utterly forgetful of his bond. 'Is this the law? Well, give me one more coast—only one,' said the inexorable Jew. His request was granted, and he then suffered himself to be led peaceably to the green-room. On another occasion, as he and his 'company' were lawlessly sliding from the drifts in the street down upon the side-walk, they unconsciously annoyed a female passenger. 'You will be fined, boys,' said the lady. 'Well, drive on,' shouted Burke, 'I'll pay the fine'—and down he went, with the whole detachment tumbling after him. He is understood to have told the manager, that if his sled were not taken up stairs, he really couldn't patronise the house."

MOORE's Byron is frozen up in the ice at Cape Cod, and we are tantalized to frenzy with extracts from it in the Southern papers. Mr. Walsh is down severely upon both biographer and poet, as was to be expected, and a clever writer in the "American," (the most agreeable tri-weekly in this country) criminales and palliates in the same breath, till we are perishing for the book itself to make up an opinion. Whatever its truth or tendency, it is very certain Moore's Byron is more eagerly sought and read than any book of its time—and that is something, though the moralists taboo it hereafter.

WE have received lately several communications, otherwise smart and agreeable, descriptive of College scenes and adventures. A new one has just "dropped in," and though it does not "intrude," we wish the same time and labor had been spent on another theme. We like to have a story grown up. A purgatory of four year's Saturdays, have given us a surfeit of "compositions," and the changes of University adventures have been too diligently rung to interest anybody now-a-days, but the sister on your knee in the vacation.

WE have to thank Mr. Lewis, the author of the History of Lynn, (and of several graceful things in poetry, which we would rather read) for a handsomely bound copy of that work. We have seen it spoken highly of by the "authorities," and a quoted opinion on the subject is much better than our own.